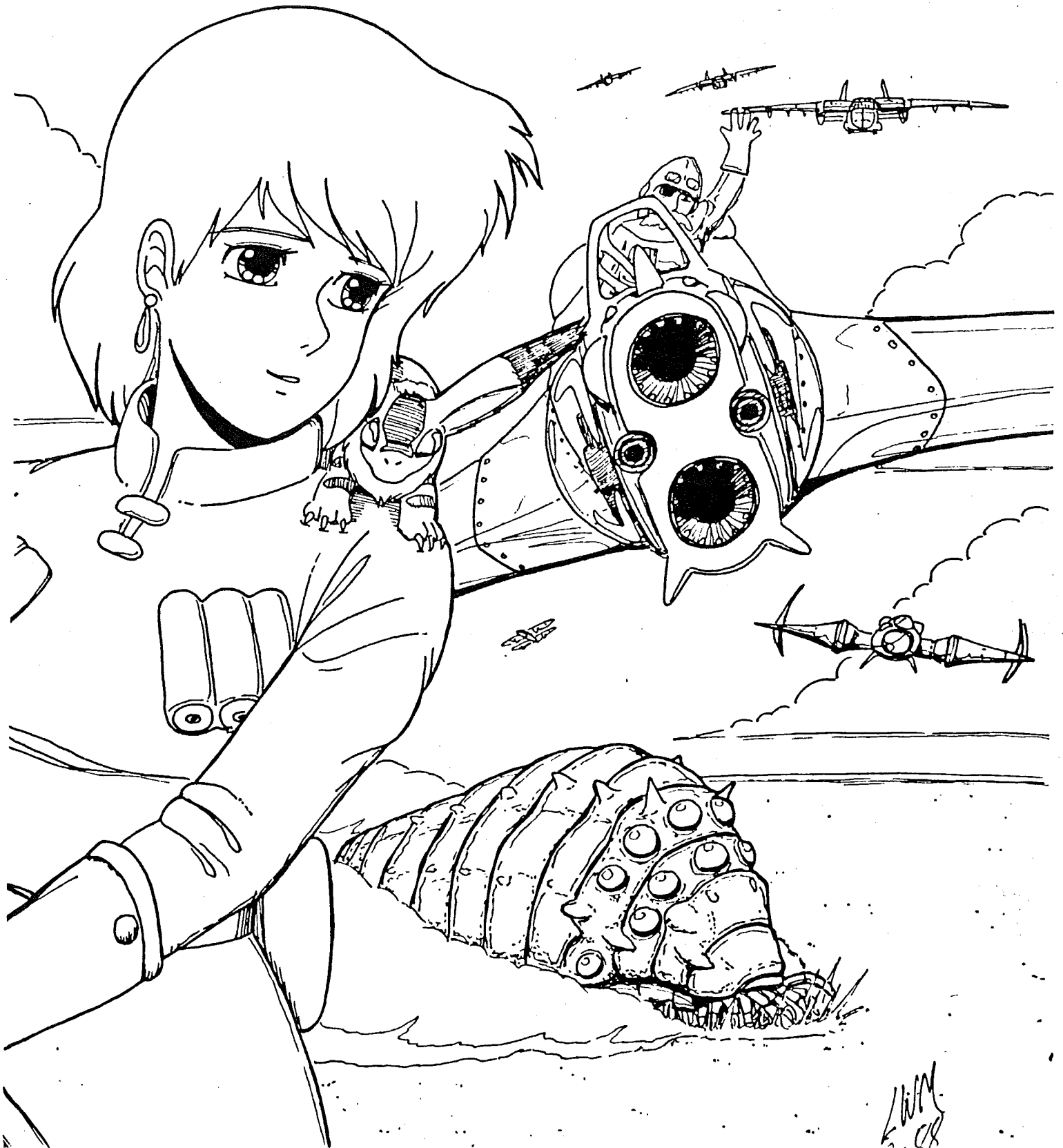


# NOVA 12

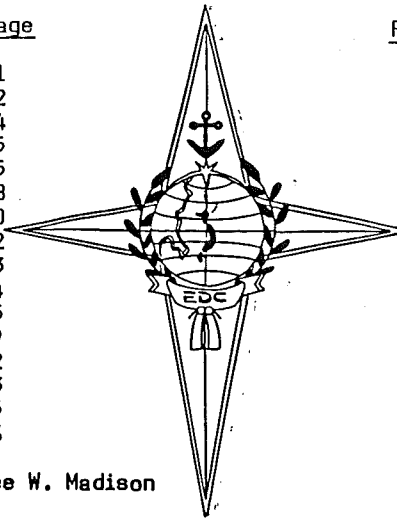


W.M.  
08



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**BACK COVER:** "Psychadelic Nova" Guy Brownlee & Edith DeGolyer

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## EDITOR'S NOTES

### MORE OF THE SAME STUPH

Well, with the holidays over (finally!) and things gearing down to a somewhat more normal speed, it's time to look ahead to a new year (it's got to be better than last year) and new goals. With this new year there appear to be many changes forthcoming in anime fandom in general, the various organizations all seemingly caught in the throes of change. I think maybe the EDC is ahead of the game somewhat, as we went through this last year (some of it willingly, some of it unwillingly) and with this year, we're emerging reborn. Our goals are simple and concise: we publish Nova, we make friends. Period. We believe in the family that fandom generally is, and we're proud to be part of it. We promise to try to

put out the finest true fanzine available, devoted to anime in all its forms; and to simply be friends with all who express interest in friendship and fellowship. What could be simpler?

Since I tended to go off the deep end on the credits section of this issue, I'll keep this pretty brief, and take this space to thank all those who have helped to make this zine possible.

By the time the next issue of Nova goes to print, we will have returned from **WORLDCON!** Huzzah! Huzzah! And we should be returning with some interesting tales of mystery and imagination to print. Also, since Nova 13 will be a rather bizarre issue (what issue numbered 13 shouldn't be bizarre just by definition?) we hope to bring some really wild stuff to these pages, with your help.

And with that all said, I'll close now, and let you get on with your fanzine.....

# LETTERS

Dear Kelli:

Nova #11. How a fanzine should be. This is the kind of publication that anime fans around here have been waiting for! Thanks for using some stuff from our newsletters, we're all glad that its seeing wider print. Only one real problem; the reprinted "Orguss" cover was by John and Jason Waltrip, not Walldrop. As they're semi-pro animators they get a little touchy about that...A number of people here liked the "Dirty Pair" song lyrics, the Robotech synopsis and review, and the comic strips. Personally, I love the whole thing (really got a kick out of "Winner Take All" - Love it!). You should be getting a few more members from the Richmond area soon -- you've got our support all the way!!

See you again! -- Roy Bruce, C/FO-CVA

**\*\* Sorry about the mistake, guys. Will try not to let that happen again. Thanks for all your kind words, and I'm sure the authors/artists/translators appreciate them also. Keep writing those letters! \*\***

Hi Guys!

I just got my copy of Nova 11 (see end of letter for review). Unfortunately my subscription ends at Nova 11! So to avoid losing my membership, something I'm sure you don't want (well, tough, I'm renewing anyway), I have enclosed the \$8 to cover 2 more issues.

If my opinion does matter, I opt for the Nova schedule to remain as is (choice #1). That's my input.

Thanks, Scott Grossman, New Jersey

P.S. Oh yes, the review: Wow!

**\*\* Thanks for the vote, you are the very first person to respond to it directly! We just want to lay honor and dump accolades upon you for this! As far as the Nova review - we couldn't have put it better ourselves! Hope you like this Nova as well.\*\***

SAVE A YAMATO!  
EAT A GAMILON!



-click-

<WE INTERRUPT THIS NETWORK 23 BROADCAST FOR AN IMPORTANT PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM BIG TIME TELEVISION>

Dear Novians/Novae:

First this letter serves as an addendum to an article of mine that will hopefully appear (God of Editing permitting) in this issue of Nova. The article is "Heavy Metal" and if you haven't already read it, it deals with mecha design. In the months since I've written the article, however, a new technology has been prophesized which might have a sizeable impact on mechs. This up and coming tech-

nology is termed nanotechnology, and could be the next revolution in human history. Nanotechnology is the ability to construct mechanisms atom by atom utilizing nanoassemblers. This is not as far off as it sounds-- your body already utilizes this process in the essential act of protein synthesis. The impact of nanotech on mechs can best be seen in this quote from "Nanotechnology" by Chris Petersen and K. Eric Drexler:

"Imagine...a spacesuit--made with nanotechnology. It could have an active structure of artificial muscle, made of diamond fiber and directed by nano-computers. While wearing it in a g-field, you wouldn't notice the suit's mass, since the suit itself would support its own weight--and yours as well...It would have the strength of steel, but still be flexible..."

"The suit's active structure could be programmed to amplify your movements, making you stronger, or to blunt impact from the outside. It could sense the texture of objects touched, and transmit them to your skin...The suit could be..capable of self-repair."

For more information on this fascinating topic and its impacts on such diverse fields as artificial intelligence to cancer research to warfare, please see The Engines of Creation by K. Eric Drexler.

Nova 11 was quite enjoyable, from front to back cover. However, I have one bit of criticism. This is meant to be constructive criticism and not insulting to anyone: almost every story in the entire issue was based on Star Blazers/Yamato! The reason for this, I am sure, is twofold. First, Yamato has been seen by almost everyone and is easily available for viewing, from the American TV series to the Japanese movies (even though the movies remind me of Friday the 13th--Yamato XXVII: "This Time We Really Mean It, He's Dead Jim" Yamato). Secondly, the series is in English and played almost routinely on American TV. I know that editors can only publish what they are sent so here is a plea to all readers of Nova (yeah, you--the one reading this letter)...

Please, please write some stories on different subjects! There are plenty of good American animated shows if it must be in English. It would be really interesting to see a well written Galaxy Rangers or Real Ghostbusters story, there's plenty of room in those universes for all kinds of plots. And as for Japanese shows...almost any of those you can think of have room for a few more plots! I mean face it, they've even done a sequel to Gall Force (Gall Force 2: Destruction). Megazone 23, Black Magic M-66, Dream Hunter Rem, Dirty Pair, Bubblegum Crisis, Project A-Ko or even Hokuto No Ken could yield interesting stories if properly handled. If not a sequel, do a prequel. If not a prequel or a sequel, use the same universe but have different characters. Tell the same story from a different point of view. The only kinds of shows that in my mind could not be effectively written up are the Gundam series' because of the sheer mass of characters, plots, and locations one must be familiar with to understand the story (someone will probably get irritated enough with that comment to write such a story and show me). To gripe and not do anything is a weak position, so I have submitted a story myself placed in the Megazone universe from a very interesting time and point of view...

With that said, I did find the stories, articles, and artwork enjoyable. Keep up the good work.  
Chris Todd

P.S. For those interested, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles has now become an animated show that began playing in Dallas on December 28th.

<24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK, MAKING EVERYDAY SEEM LIKE YESTERDAY! BIG TIME TELEVISION! AND NOW, MORE OF THE SAME...>

-click-



\*\* That was an interesting letter. We swear that Chris was not paid, begged, or otherwise set up to write his plug for new and different story ideas. It was strictly his own idea. His 'Heavy Metal' article, and also the Megazone story he mentioned, both appear later in this issue of Nova. Re: Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, it is our understanding that it was a 5 episode test run starting the week of Dec. 28, with new episodes to run next fall if it is popular enough. Tongue-in-cheek dialogue, relatively good action, not as kid-vid as you'd think, and animation done by Toei. Not bad, eh? Think someone at the American studios is starting to take a hint? \*\*

Dear Nova staff:

I have a proposition to make. This being an election year, I would like to take a poll of everybody's presidential candidate of anime fame (i.e. Kei and Yuri '88, etc.)

I think this might be a fun thing to do. I would like to turn this into an article of sorts, finding out how many people would think which characters would make good presidential and vice-presidential material. We could even go as far as to have "nominees" for Secretary of Defense as well. (i.e. Kenshiro or Marsa)

If this is possible, I would like to print up the results of this survey as close to November as possible. Please have people send responses to Lynn Hayes; 435 Daniel, Richardson, TX 75080.

(and from another letter received a couple of days later from this same person:)

Dear Nova staff:

You asked for my opinion...so here it is.

Item 1: Number/Frequency of Nova - I like the idea of having/receiving 3 Novas in one year, although I can't very well afford to give out \$12.00 in one lump sum.

Item 2: With my being unemployed at the moment, the \$8.00 dollars for two Novas and renewing the subscription by the year end even sounds a little expensive. (Especially since I am up for renewal after #13).

Item 3: With every Nova, (it never fails) I see more than one article and/or story on Yamato! I'm sick of it. Hasn't anybody out there seen any of the new stuff? Disregarding the fact that sequels come out and screw up story ideas for most of us, shows like Iczer-One, Gall force, and Dirty Pair still have the makings of character-based stories. For fan-fiction, we can totally disregard timelines and "actual" events in order to do stories based on the characters alone. Thus, I have come up with a Dirty Pair based story.

Just sign me...sick of "Yamato of 1000 Stories"!!  
Sincerely, Lynn Hayes, former EDC Staff member

\*\* Okay, now that's two letters or comment, both of which have workable, and even fun new ideas (and even a VOTE on the Nova print schedule - though I'm still not exactly sure which one she's voting for) We could also take the suggestion in letter #1 a step further. Actually come up with artwork, or a platform (i.e. what the candidates would be FOR or AGAINST, and it could be a run as a full blown article, complete with slogans, logos, etc. Make your favorite anime character into a national hero. Remember the 'Bill & Opus - This Time Why Not the Worst' slogans, T-shirts & designs that came out a few years ago? We can do the same thing here. It could be real, it could be baaad....it could be real baaad! Give it a try, okay? We'll print the results of Lynn's poll, with any artwork/articles we receive in this vein, in Nova 13. What better way to make Nova 13 infamous? Come on guys/gals/beings, show us what you've got! This is a great opportunity to show us how wild you can get! CONSIDER THIS A CHALLENGE!! (Proof Veggie's Comment: What a wild idea! We could even nominate an ex-actor and the Invisible Man! Wouldn't that be a helluva fantasy?)

Regarding the comments in letter #2, as the EDC started out as a Yamato/Star Blazers based fan club, with the foreknowledge that there was a definite following for this show, it's not surprising that there still is; and these fen (plural of fan) tend to write sagas similar to those seen in that show. It is also the best researched as far as tech, characters, plotlines, there is a large base of information from which to draw for the sake of accuracy and reference, it's usually available somewhere in the US on TV, unlike some of the newer things which haven't been subject to as much scrutiny and study (Macross and some of the Robotech things included, as they haven't been around as long). As mentioned before, Nova prints what Nova gets, and currently we have two wonderful ongoing Yamato stories, both of which take the main Yamato saga a step further by introducing new ideas/characters into the plotlines. We also get poetry and occasional tech articles. Now, that isn't so much, is it? People write about their interests, that's what fanzines are for.

If anyone would like to counter the above letters, perhaps telling exactly why you write/like Yamato, we'll print the responses in this column also.

Also, do check out Lynn's story, "The New Dirty Pair", as this looks to be a fun story! \*\*\*

Dear Nova:

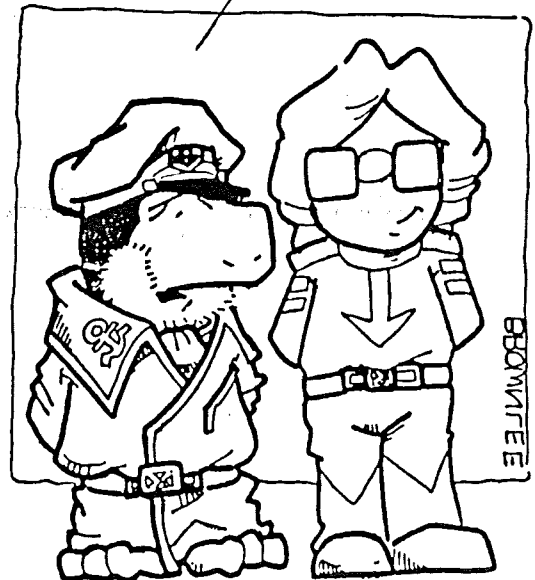
Thinking of you makes my heart beat faster - your lovely blonde hair & supple...OOPS! I've just been informed that I'm writing to Nova-the Clubzine and not Nova, the woman of my-- oh well. Anyway, the thing is..what I really mean..No Elton! Get back! No, no, no! Shades of Robin Williams! Let's start over.

Dear Nova:

What can I say but VERY impressive. The new format of layouts is clean & professional. Novas #10 & 11 show a vast improvement over past issues. (Not that I didn't like the past issues - I did. I just like the new ones better!) The Sasha illozine inserts are a great idea. I am also very impressed, (by Kelli in particular) by the quickness in which these past several issues were produced. Keep it up. This is further proof that the new EDC is better than ever.

I am also pleased at how the new structure of the EDC command is working out. The group seems to

LETS WOMP SOME  
GAMALON SISSIES!



be running smoother & with less difficulties than ever before. This goes to show that the EDC is a group that is worth being a part of.

I hope everyone else enjoys the new Novas as much as I. If you are just looking at a copy, join & get them! If this is your last copy, renew - 'cause they're only going to get better!

Sincerely, Mark L. Snyder  
[Proof Vegetable's comments: sounds like Mr. Snyder is having a walking wet-dream.]

#### DAVE ANSWERS LETTERS TO NOVA...

James. We're all adults here, right? Susumu Kodai and Yuki Mori - they're young, they're soldiers, they're hot, and they're in love. They are usually in the situation where they could die tomorrow. So imagine them saying, "Nope--better wait until we get married!!!" No way!! Now, if this was only after the Iscandar mission, I might be tempted to agree with you, but we're talking about FIVE MOVIES and THREE TV SEASONS-- (so what if some of them are remakes) and by that time they both must have been LIVING in the cold showers!! Now I can see them not being able to get married until the end of Final, but I don't think they'd sit around and twiddle their thumbs for five years. I mean, these are people who have faced death together, man!

Oh well, nobody else to comment to, except Roy Bruce, who I already talked to, and Julie Tharp, who can write some pretty rad poems. Keep it up Julie!!

Oh yeah, Lee, this installment of Elegants much better. Keep it up!!

(David Merrill - Space Battleship Anime Hasshin)

\*\* I don't think anything else needs saying here. Thanks for the comments, Dave, keep 'em coming! \*\*

Dear Nova:

I would like to comment on your cover for issue #11. Personally, I like the idea of using it in the birdcage! You want to know what Starforce members did on the return trip from Iscandar? Fine, I'll tell you! THEY SLEPT!!

I mean, these poor guys went several dozen episodes without a single wink of sleep, they were so busy fighting the Gamilon's all the time! The only one that got any rest was Avatar, and that's only because he got sick!

Now, admittedly, an episode where they did nothing but sleep would be rather boring. I mean, who wants to see an episode where Wildstar does

#### GUEST EDITORIAL

-by J.P. Reader

The Fundamentalists have the God-given right to decide what is moral and just for all mankind. Or so they tell us.

The Government has the God-given right to decide what is good for all the people of this country. Or so it seems.

The Parents have the God-given right to dictate to media in order to protect their children. Or so they tell us.

The Supreme Court has the God-given right to interpret the Constitution for all U.S. citizens. Or so it seems.

The Catholic Church has the God-given right to dictate the sexual practices of it's parishioners. Or so they tell us.

The Teachers/Professors have the God-given right to decide if a student has learned what he should. Or so it seems.

Answer me this: WHERE THE HELL ARE MY GOD-GIVEN RIGHTS?

oh yeah. life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. inalienable rights, no less.

What a load of horseshit! Let's look at the facts for a moment and forget the fantasy.

nothing but get out of his bunk (in his Starforce underoos?), go to the faucet to get a drink of water, and go back to bed?! Pretty boring stuff, isn't it?

Just ask any soldier what the most precious thing in the world is, & he'll tell you, "Sleep!" Frontline troops never get enough sleep. So with the Gamilon's hounding them almost every step of the way, you can bet sleep aboard the Argo was a very rare commodity indeed!

So that's what they did on the return trip, and why that's why you never saw them again until they were almost to Earth!

(James Staley, Jones, Oklahoma)

\*\* Well, I guess that's one way of explaining it, but how many weeks/months was that? Wonder what they used to keep them under all that time? Somnax 2000? And when they finally all awoke, was there a bathroom waiting line that could've circled the ship? \*\*

..Nova 11 was excellent, as usual. I was again greatly impressed by the excellent artwork, and the sharp creative writing. Maybe the most outstanding characteristic of Nova, compared to other sci-fi magazines is the contributors' very obvious enjoyment in their work. By way of analogy, I've seen plenty of movies wherein the actors seem to plod through their paces as if with one eye on the clock, the other on their contracts, while in others, a sense of pure fun drives them on. The Nova people are like these latter artists. May the Spark live on!

Hope '88 is a great year for you and yours!

Richard Halada

\*\* Thanks for the words of encouragement. We feel that our authors/artists do have great fun with their work - they must, they contribute and are not paid for it, yourself included. We thank you for your submissions and look forward to hearing from you again as your schedule allows. Take care! \*\*

[Letters cont'd on pg. 40]



LIFE. We all have the right to live until we are drafted and our lives are put in risk by our elected officials. We have the right to live until our public servants, the police, make a fatal mistake. We have the right to live until we are judged guilty, whether justly or unjustly, of a heinous crime and are murdered by the state as a useless deterrent to other criminals. We have the right to live until some senile idiot presses the button that allows us to "win a nuclear war while maintaining an acceptable casualty ratio".

So much for life.

LIBERTY. We have the right to read what we like as long as it is judged acceptable by Medieval mentalities. We have the right to watch what we like as long as it offends no one's Victorian sensibilities. We have the right to say what we like as long as it shatters no one's eggshell-thin Disneyland realities. We have the right to study what we like as long as it is what Ivory Tower-cloistered intellectuals deem valid. We have the right to worship as we like as long as it conforms in large part to the Judeo-

Christian mythology and pantheon. We have the right to think as we like as long as our thoughts don't translate into action.

So much for liberty.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Now, this is really rich. We have the right to pursue it to our heart's content, just so long as we can pursue it within the rigid boundaries of conventional society. The closer our hunt comes to the edges of society (i.e. fandom) the more danger we are in. The wisest way to pursue happiness is to shape our ideals of happiness into the Great American Dream. A 9-to-5-husband-wife-2-kids-surburban-house-2-car-garage-God-bless-the-corporation-Nightmare. How we look is more important than who we are. How we do it is more important than what we do. Become a cog in the Great American Dream Machine. When the Machine no longer needs you? Ask the American Farmer, the American Homeless. When the Machine doesn't want you? Ask the American Indian, the American Negro.

So much for the pursuit of happiness.

We are not the first generation to quake beneath the shadow of Fascist Freedom. In the '60's we gave

peace and love a chance. They have a shitty track record against tanks and guns.

We have tried takin' care of ourselves first and letting the rest of the world take care of itself. It did, by going to Hell in a handbasket.

We worked from within the System, and found that the System either breaks you down to a digestible form, or it spits you out.

There are no easy answers, no simple solutions. There are, however, plenty of organizations that are trying to protect the very fragile flower called Freedom. Seek out the ones you can support with your conscience and then support them with your money.

Yes, by God, I am urging you to take positive ACTION. We all enjoy fantasy as escapism. Escapism is, however, temporary at best.

The Yamato is still at the bottom of the sea, no super-ships from space have crashed on earth, this isn't a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, and there ain't no Scotty to beam us out of this mess.

Come back to REALITY, and fight for your rights, fight for your freedom.

Just 'cause we're paranoid don't mean shit.

### AN INTERESTING NEWS REPORT

-by Tasha Seren

In the year 1979 the U.S.A. was under severe attack from the mysterious fandom of Yamato.

Yamato literature and models covered the shelves of science fiction bookstores, and as a result, in one year's time the U.S.A. will be completely overrun by E.D.C. members!

But, in the country of Japan there is a movie called "Final Yamato" that can remove these dangerous enemies of fandom. Nishisaki offers it to the people of the U.S.A.

A team of mentally ill patients on parole from Terrell State Hospital in Texas were forced at gunpoint to undertake the perilous mission, because they were the only ones crazy enough to try and get past the E.D.C. attack squad and their shock cannons.

Can they travel one hundred and some odd miles to Japan before one billion some odd people have to chant "Yamato Yo Iowa Ni" for the rest of their miserable lives.

NOT IF THE E.D.C. CAN HELP IT!!!! heh, heh, heh.

### S T O R Y

#### YAMATO: GROWTH OF THE ALLIANCE

-by Pat Munson-Siter

#### CHAPTER TWO

Katrin smiled at Desslar's amazement. "Not dead, and no longer Princess, my old friend," she replied, steel in her voice as she straightened. "I was far away from Faroni when the traitors destroyed my home system. And with Faroni gone, I gave up all claim to the title of Princess Faroni. I am merely High Commander of what remains of the Faroni fleet.

Desslar touched her hand. "I'm sorry," he said. Kodai stared; it was not often Desslar admitted a mistake. "I had assumed you died with Faroni. I did not even think to search for you once I had become leader of Gamilus after the deaths of my father and elder brother."

"The past is the past, Desslar. What we had was broken long ago." Katrin's voice was bitter as well as sad. Kodai wondered just what the two of them had shared; they spoke more like ex-lovers than mere friends. "And at the present, I need to know what the D'lyyen wanted from you."

"Information-military intelligence. Who we are allied with, what our strengths are, what resources are located on our planets," Desslar replied, grimacing in memory of the questioning. "What stake do you have in the matter, Katrin?"



A smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. "With no planet to call home, we must earn our way somehow," she replied. "The D'lyyen have made many enemies for themselves. We were hired to help hunt the D'lyyen down, to destroy them as utterly as they have destroyed others. Once you are recovered, perhaps we can discuss how we can assist one another." Katrin looked at him, an odd smile on her face. "I had not expected to ever see you again, Desslar. But here's something else for you to think about. His name is Desstrin." She dropped a flimsy at Desslar's fingers and walked out.

Desslar picked up the picture with his good hand. His face whitened even more as he looked at it, then let it slide from his fingers. "Ah, father, your greediness continues to cost me," he groaned.

Kodai looked at the picture. Two people - one was Katrin and the other a young man in Faroni uniform - with her silver hair and Desslar's blue skin. Kodai passed the picture on to Delan, glanced at Desslar - who had covered his eyes with one hand. Were those tears trickling out from under the Garuman leader's fingers? Kodai swallowed. The past seemed to have really come back to haunt Desslar. An old lover he'd thought was dead turning up alive and saving all their skins, and a grown son he'd never

suspected existed...

"My leader, who is this woman?" Delan asked.

"She...was...Katrin, Crown Princess of the Faroni Empire," Desslar replied. "She and I were to have been married as part of my father's plans to expand the power of Gamilus. The three planets of the Faroni system were rich in resources Gamilus needed. We were...very close. Then, a revolution took place, and Katrin's parents were imprisoned. She had been off planet and went into exile. There being no advantage then to the joining of our two houses, my father broke the engagement and blocked all communications between us. Shortly thereafter the revolutionaries fell upon each other and in their struggle they turned the Faroni sun super-nova. Quite obviously, Katrin and those in the Faroni fleet who had remained loyal to her escaped the cataclysm."

"And have become mercenaries to support themselves," Kodai said. He could not help but somewhat enjoy the Garuman leader's discomfiture.

"At least it means you do have an heir, my leader," Delan told him.

"Maybe. What if he's no interest in Garuman, Delan? He has most likely been raised to follow Katrin's footsteps and eventually lead the Faroni fleet," Desslar said.

"I'm glad you're preceptive enough to see that," said another voice. Kodai knew before he turned around that it had to be the young man in the picture Katrin had given Desslar. The man was as tall as Desslar, but husky - built like a football player, not a gymnast. Desstrin seemed to be about Kodai's own age.

"She said your name was Desstrin," Desslar said.

The young man, wearing space armor with his helmet tucked under one arm, nodded. "I am Fleet Captain Desstrin," he acknowledged. "Mother assumed you'd want to see me."

"Indeed, though I fear I haven't had a chance to accept the fact I do have a son," Desslar admitted. "You must excuse my awkwardness..."

"If you'll excuse mine. Neither Mother nor I ever expected to encounter you, especially not here. This is a long way from Gamilus or Faroni."

"Gamilus is gone, just as Faroni is," Desslar replied bleakly. "The inhabitants of Garuman have accepted the remnants of my people as brothers."

"Our leader and his fleet saved our worlds from subjugation, without waiting for negotiations or promises of payment," Delan told the son of his leader, a hint of accusation in his voice. "It would have been ill-mannered of us indeed to turn them away after that."

"Then my father and his people are indeed fortunate," Desstrin purred, eyes flashing. "Not all peoples are as honorable as yours." He turned back to Desslar. "And...space is our home now. I doubt either Mother or myself would care to settle down to a single world or system right now."

"I do not criticize," Desslar said, shooting a look at Delan.

The medics entered the room just then, pushing a tray loaded with food. "The patient must eat now, and then will be placed back under the fastheal rays," one told them.

"Very well. Gentlemen, I can give you the guided tour of the flagship your other officers are currently receiving, if you wish," Desstrin said.

"Fine. We'd like that," Kodai replied.

"Desslar, we'll see you later."

"Come in and talk to me when you get back, if they'll let you," the Garuman leader replied, a bit of frustration at his immobility evident in his voice.

"Of course, my leader," Delan replied.

Kodai had to admit that the Faroni flagship was impressive, even if most of her armament was defensive rather than offensive. There was the room sized tactical hologram deep in the bowels of the ship,

manned by highly-trained tacticians who took Katrin's orders for the movement and actions of her fleet and translated those general directives into specific directions for each individual ship. Even as they watched new information appeared in the display as data came in from the scouts and was incorporated into the 'tank'. The display was echoed in miniature in a four-foot wide hologram next to Katrin's command seat above the main bridge. The only similar set up he'd ever seen was the control center for the EDC on Terra. And in some ways the Faroni's was superior, if only because of their experience leading to smoother operation and control. The Faroni personnel - even those who weren't of the Faroni race - showed the type of firm discipline that spoke of acceptance of responsibility and duty. Of course, they probably didn't have too many wet-behind-the-ears cadets to contend with, either.

Desstrin was an excellent guide. He obviously knew the vessel and the fleet like the back of his hand. After awhile, Kodai also realized that the young man was pumping them for information on Desslar. Which was reasonable. Desstrin was understandably curious about the father he'd never met until a few hours ago. It didn't take much to get Delan talking about his leader. The man nearly worshipped the ground Desslar walked on.

By the time the tour was over and Desstrin brought them back to the wing they were occupying, Kodai was anxious to exchange notes with the rest of his crew, particularly Sanada. The Faroni had some ideas that he'd like to see incorporated in the Yamato...He was also somewhat relieved to see that the formerly locked doors on each end of the hall had been left open. So Katrin had decided to treat them as potential allies rather than potential enemies...

### CHAPTER THREE

For all their enthusiasm, once Kodai had boiled down the reports of his officers, except for the tactical displays and controls he and Delan had been shown, the Faroni equipment was not that different from that of the Alliance. However, Sanada had not yet come back from his tour. The Yamato's chief mechanic and science officer would be the best one to pinpoint technological differences. He would also be the one who could say if they could adapt any new devices to be used on the Yamato. The fact he wasn't back yet indicated he might have found something of interest.

Therefore, Kodai wasn't very surprised when Sanada returned, accompanied by two Faroni. The three of them were in a heated discussion using technical terms far above the Captain's head. After several more minutes, the Faroni nodded reluctantly and left.

"Kodai, these people have something they call a 'wall screen' I think I can adapt to our use!" the tall officer reported enthusiastically. "It's an energy field which is projected throughout the hull of the ship and enables the metal to withstand greater pressures and forces than it could otherwise. It's as if you've doubled the thickness of the hull plates."

"Could be very useful," Kodai agreed. "So long as Earth doesn't decide to use it as an excuse to reduce the thickness of the hulls on our new ships!"

"We can fight that battle later," Sanada replied, grimacing. "At the moment, we need everything we can use to gain any advantage."

"How much time do you think it will take to adapt one of their wall-screen units to our ship?"

"No more than two days, with crews working on it full-time."

"We'll give it a try, so long as we've a ship to go back to," Kodai said, a shadow touching his eyes.

Sanada nodded. Just because they were safe at the moment, didn't mean the Yamato was.

Yuki Mori, Daisuke Shima, Dave Bando, Ken Denver, and Kathryn Kimaura were all in the staff briefing room on the Yamato, the green lights from the map under their feet making their faces ghostly.

"We've been able to disengage for the moment," Shima was saying. "It can't last very long, though. Desslar's Pride reports enemy activity closing in on their hiding place, which isn't that far from us."

"What's the status on our repair work?" Yuki asked Bando.

The engine is fully operational now, but the damage to the port hull is going to take quite a bit longer," Sanada's second replied. "It'll be another day before the forward gun deck is operational."

"Cosmo Tigers?"

"We're down two fighters at present. They'll be repaired in the next few hours. The rest of our two flights are all operational," Denver told her.

"At the moment, we've more pilots than we have fighters. We can beef up the defenses on the Cosmo Zeroes and put some of our spare pilots in them," Kimaura suggested.

Yuki held back a wince. The Cosmo Zero was Kodai's favorite. "An excellent idea. Can your Tiger mechanics handle it?"

"Yes," Denver nodded.

"Go ahead, then. We'll remain on combat alert. Denver, we'll need some of your people flying cover screen."

"Already scheduled in, ma'am."

"Good. I want every hand we can spare helping out the repair teams. The enemy will find us sooner or later - and the more repairs we've been able to complete, the better off we'll be."

"Understood." The section heads saluted their temporary captain, and went back to work.

That evening, Kodai and Delan were discussing matters with Desslar, who was still confined to the hospital bed. The medics had removed most of the bandages, leaving the arm splint on and his ribs taped up. He had also progressed to the point where they were allowing the patient to sit up.

"They still don't know where our ships are, then," Desslar was saying.

"No. We're a little less than two days behind the D'lyyen advance fleet. Katrin is estimating contact morning after tomorrow, ship's time."

"It must be their battle with our ships that has brought them to a halt," Kodai said.

"It appears likely," Desslar agreed. "Kodai, from what you and Delan have told me, the Faroni would make excellent allies. Right now they fight with us because someone else has paid them to fight our foe. We must find some way to lure them into a more permanent agreement with the Alliance."

Kodai looked thoughtful. "We'll have to do something subtle. These people value their 'freedom of action', as Desstrin calls it. If they get to feeling fenced in, they'll leave."

"Agreed. It must be done slowly, by degrees."

"The first step is to insure they see us as friends as well as potential employers," Kodai said. "Which means, initially, treat them as friends and not hired hands."

"I'd say our people are already doing that," Delan remarked.

Kodai grinned. "Under the circumstances, it would have been unwise and ungrateful not to!" he said.

Delan grinned ruefully back. "Truth," he acknowledged.

Kodai reached over and laid his hand over Desslar's. "And we'll let you concentrate on the High Commander!" he announced. "If only in self defense."

"Hmm?" Delan was puzzled.

"He'd kill anyone else trying to get close to her!" Kodai laughed, as Desslar glared.

Kathryn was too tired to even make a face at the

food the mess hall hand plopped into her plate. Flying screen cover on a six and six schedule - 6 hours out, 6 hours on the ship - was exhausting. She almost wished the enemy would discover them, if only to break up this back-breaking work. The Tigers weren't alone in that, either - everyone in the mess hall looked to be on the edge of exhaustion. She sat down at the table several of her flight had appropriated, and stared listlessly at her food for a moment - before eating. She was really too tired to be interested in dinner, but knew she'd feel even worse when she responded to wake-up call if she didn't get some 'fuel' into her system before going to sleep.

"Come on, Yuki!" Shima's voice came from behind her. "I know how worried you are, but you've got to eat!"

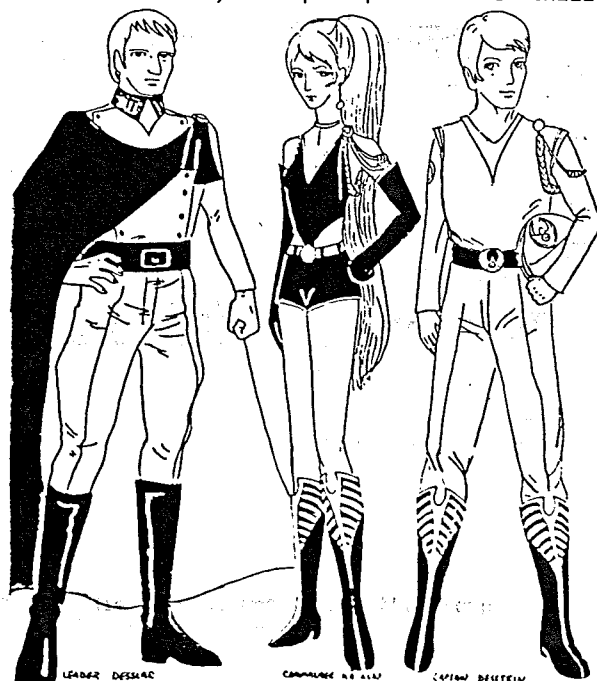
"I'm sorry, Shima, but I'm not very hungry," the acting Captain's voice was almost a whisper.

A hand descended on Kathryn's shoulder. "Hey, Kimaura, try to talk some sense into her, will you?" the chief navigator asked.

Kathryn sighed, turned. The unspoken 'you're a woman, maybe you can make her understand!' was irritating, but she forgot her momentary anger when she saw Yuki's pale, drawn face.

"Captain," she said firmly, "if you think I wouldn't rather be in bed right now -- I'm too tired to be hungry. But if I don't eat, my body won't be able to rebuild itself when I do sleep - and that could result in me making poor judgements or being a little careless my next duty shift. In our current situation, you can't afford that possibility any more than I can. You can't do Capt. Kodai any good by starving yourself or making a wrong decision as commander."

Slowly, Yuki nodded. She did not eat enthusiastically, but she did eat. The look Shima gave Kathryn was appraising. Obviously he hadn't expected her to use that sort of logic on Yuki Mori. Kathryn returned his stare, with perhaps a hint of challenge.



Suddenly, he smiled. "Kato's always telling me never to underestimate a Cosmo Tiger pilot," he said.

"Lesson learned, eh?"

"Perhaps, navigator," she returned softly, pushing her empty plate away. "In the meantime, I'd better get some sleep before I drop off right here."

The Faroni scientists had come in and taken Sanada away before he'd finished breakfast, continuing the argument of the night before almost as if it hadn't been interrupted. Their other officers had

also disappeared with their counterparts when Katrin arrived, this time without her usual bodyguards and aides. She actually looked a little harried this morning.

"They'll let us see Desslar in about 20 minutes," Delan told her.

"That will give me time for a cup of kala tea, then," she said, and brought the cup back to the table where the two Alliance officers sat.

"You look tired, Commander," Kodai remarked, noting the dark smudges under the woman's eyes.

"There are times I wish I were a timid little princess again, with only protocol responsibilities to worry about," she smiled wryly. "As I'm sure you know, getting a fleet ready for battle is no easy task."

"You seem to be doing all right," Delan commented.

"After almost 20 years, I'd better be! I sometimes wonder how I lived long enough to learn, though. I was somewhat naïve in those days, although dealing with Dessdern, Desslar's father, had already taught me a few things about life."

"You didn't like Dessdern," Kodai said.

"Dessdern was a cold, cruel, and ambitious man who saw everyone around him - even his sons - as pieces on a gaming board, to be moved about at his whim to further his own goals," she replied, twisting the cup around in her hands. "Desslar was not originally the heir, you must understand. His older brother Desstarn was the old man's favorite, and could do no wrong. Desslar was alternately spoiled by his nurses and tutors and scorned by Dessdern. Desslar desperately wanted his father's approval, but no matter how hard he tried Dessdern was never satisfied with his efforts. Not a good atmosphere in which to grow up. I think I was one of the first people he met who was neither awed by his rank nor put him down. I played honestly with him -- at games, he knew that if he won it was because he'd earned it, not because I let him win. He could trust to be himself with me - I would neither betray nor exploit his weaknesses, or his strengths." A quick, wicked smile momentarily lit her face. "Originally, Dessdern had wanted me to marry Desstarn, but a better match became available -- and I was just as happy when I was offered to Desslar instead. Then that rotten revolution...such is life, eh? I wish I could meet Dessdern today, though. Fat and nasty would be in for a surprise!" Her grin had turned wicked.

"Dad would never recover from the shock - not that you'd give him a chance to, before you shot him between the eyes," Desslar's voice came from the door.

## SYNOPSIS

### WINGS OF HONNEAMISE (The Royal Space Force)

Synopsis ©1987 from THIS IS ANIMATION #12  
Translated by Henry Jerng

On lake PIBBO, a lake noted for its area being far more wide than even the kingdom of HONNEAMISE, the Navy spends busy days over landing and take-off drills of its deck planes. Nearby, standing in thick snow, is the lone figure of a boy keeping his eyes on the plane as if possessed. The boy's name is SHIROTSUGU RADAT. For him, ever since his childhood days, he could dream only of flying in a jet plane at great height and speed, and nothing else. And that, supposedly, becomes the goal of his life....

Shiotsugu finds his way into the Navy, the object of his childhood dreams, cut off from him because of unsatisfactory grades. Now, without the means to reach his goals, he enters the ranks of the Royal Space Force. However, when he learns that the Space Force is an overly blunt gathering, incapable of satisfactorily launching an artificial satellite, and far from putting a man into space, Shiotsugu,

"Only if you didn't beat me to it, Desslar," she replied, turning to watch as he hobbled into the room. "I'm surprised my medics let you get up this soon."

"I've still got some more appointments with your medical equipment, but once I could walk across my room I wasn't about to stay there," the Gamilon/Garuman leader replied.

"In other words, you're being as stubborn as ever," she told him.

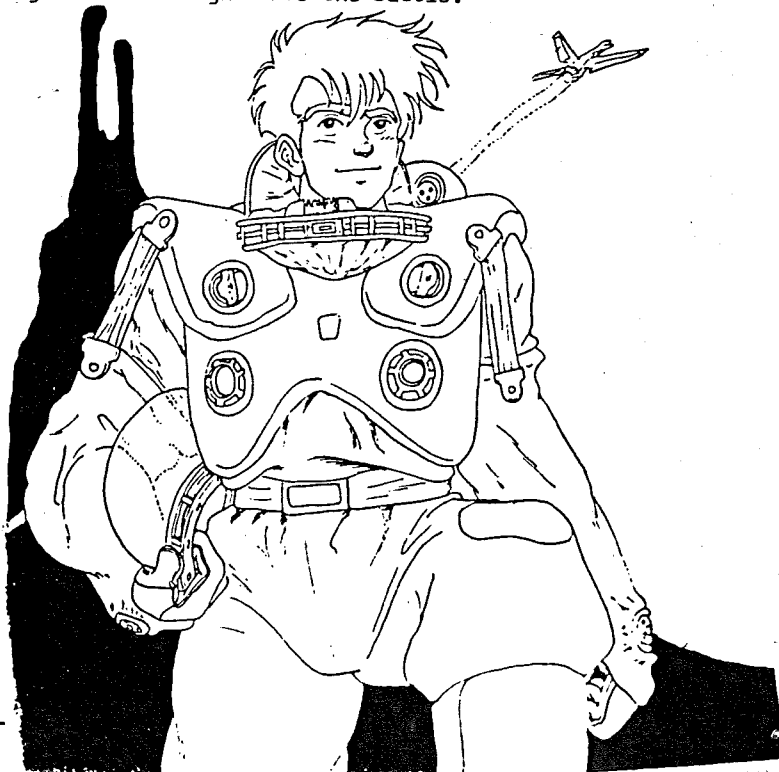
"Perhaps. But many things have changed - and I think I prefer you as mercenary commander than as pampered princess," Desslar smiled grimly. "Now that I can appreciate such things--!"

"Then you are also well enough to discuss tactics," Katrin replied. "Our advance scouts have made contact. The D'lyyen have not yet found your ships, and at least three Garuman destroyers are en route." Katrin unsnapped a foot-long cylinder from her belt, touched several controls on its surface. A 3-D holographic space map was projected over the table, the positions of the two fleets already marked. "Now, my people believe your ships are probably located in this solar system here - there are numerous asteroids and such which would make finding them difficult. The main body of the D'lyyen advance fleet is here, waiting for their heavy scouts to locate and flush your ships. They'll probably find them before we get there, but I suspect we'll contact the fleet ourselves in that area."

"I'm sure our ships can hold them that long," Desslar acknowledged. "So long as any of our crews remain alive..."

"The fight with continue," Kodai finished.

The alarm bell went off insistently in Kathryn's ear. She thought foggily that it sure seemed she hadn't gotten her full five hours of sleep - and then realized it was the battle station klaxon she was hearing. She'd been too exhausted to do more than pull off her boots, gloves, and belt when she'd come in, so it did not take long for her to dress, picking up her helmet as she dashed out toward the launch bay. She started sending her flight out in two-man teams as soon as they began to arrive, trying to drink a cup of tea as she did so. Then she and her wingman were climbing in their fighters, closing the cockpit canopies and dropping out the bay door. The radar officer, who had taken Yuki's place while she was in command, vectored them in toward the enemy force. For the second time in as many days, she guided her flight into the battle.





too, forgets his own dreams. And even today, a colleague is dead because of an aimless experiment....

Shiotsugu tells his close friend MATTY that he is troubled by thoughts of whether or not he should quit the Space Force. However, Matty reacts to that feeling with nothing more than a little smile. To a person like Matty, the Space Force is more than a place where one feels comfortable, and thoughts like leaving such a place are never considered. But Shiotsugu is sick of living this sort of life, on the brink of life and death.

After their training, Shiotsugu and others all go out to a drinking bar. After rousing up the place, the gang leaves the bar and heads for the entertainment district. However, upon discovering their own good company, his associates leave him and Matty all to their lonely selves. But, after Matty finds his own female companion, Shiotsugu helplessly takes a solitary stroll along the entertainment district.

Through thick clamor Shiotsugu hears a strange chant. There, by chance, stands a young girl preaching God's teachings and distributing leaflets. Shiotsugu, completely taken in by the girl's looks, unknowingly receives a leaflet.

The next day, with the help of the address written on the leaflet, Shiotsugu visits the young girl's home to further his personal aim. The girl, whose name is RICKNEY, lives only with an infant boy named MANA. Since she rarely gets visitors, Rickney warmly welcomes her guest. In the middle of his small-talk, Shiotsugu tells her that he is a space astronaut. Rickney expresses that she is inspired by the existence of the Space Force, which aims at going to space instead of going to war. Hearing her encouraging words, Shiotsugu instantly feels his heart pounding with excitement. (The next day, Matty and the others stare strangely at Shiotsugu, who is behaving merrily.)

Everyone in the Space Force is gathered in a classroom, and the group is made to hear about a project for a manned space flight. The position of pilot will be filled by a volunteer. Yet there is no reason to volunteer for such a project; to do so would seem like wastefully losing one's life. Everyone is silent. However, Shiotsugu alone, in a loud voice, offers to volunteer...

Matty and the others desperately try to stop Shiotsugu, who volunteered for this project too absurd even for consideration. But he is completely stirred up by Rickney's words, and such persuasions from his comrades fall short of reaching him. (Secretly, Shiotsugu's special trainings are started.)

After actively participating in trainings, Shiotsugu is ordered to ride upon an Air Force practice plane for gravity training. Even as he is being exposed to the unfriendly looks of Air Force soldiers, Shiotsugu takes off. Piercing through oceans of clouds, the training plane flies about the boundless sky in fair weather. There, Shiotsugu witnesses his dream of going to the big sky, a dream he longed for during his childhood days. He is filled with joy and happiness within his heart. During the climax of his happiness, Shiotsugu descends toward the base and becomes really dizzy, as if he is drunk. Seeing Shiotsugu in his condition, the Air Force pilots laugh scornfully.

After the gravity training, Shiotsugu and others go on an educational visit of the rocket plant. But, upon learning that the people making those rockets are from the Space Travel Society, Shiotsugu and the others look very troubled and worried. The men of the Space Travel Society are old and feeble with age. And yet, even among them, only professor GUNOMU shows some backbone by turning upon Shiotsugu and his attitude of looking down upon the Society. (Shiotsugu comes to place trust in professor Gunomu through sets of circumstances.)

When he finds free time, Shiotsugu pays frequent visits to Rickney's home. Although they have become very dear to each other by this time, Rickney, as usual, doesn't understand Shiotsugu's feelings. Whenever he goes to ask her to watch stars, she always brings along Mana. Finally, he has to deal with them starting to pray to God while watching the stars.

One day, Shiotsugu receives a sacred book from Rickney. But Shiotsugu, uninterested by the book, is bent on making amorous advance to Rickney. She gets angry toward Shiotsugu, and they start a dispute. Mana begins to cry, and the place once again finds peacefulness. Shiotsugu is now left in an incomprehensible mood.

A simulator used for various real training is introduced to the Space Force's headquarters. However, this machine is not something selected in the approved budget; the gang knows that the general must have obtained it through bribery.



A spectacular ceremony is held for the project's formal announcement at the capital. Meanwhile, in the middle of his training within the simulator, Shiotsugu receives a phone call from Rickney pleading for help. When he arrives at her house, he discovers Rickney's house horribly wrecked. After delivering an eviction request, the electric company has wrecked her home as a pay-off for her debts. Shiotsugu recommends Rickney to sue the company for illegal actions, but she, not wanting disputes, gives up the idea.

The sacred book preaches that human sins began when people stole fire from the hearth in the sky and began to use fire as if they were Gods. If advances in science are evil like it is mentioned in the book, then the direction the Space Force is heading for... Shiotsugu gradually begins to possess doubts about his own acts.

In a shed on the outskirts of the plant, Professor Gunomu performs an ignition test on a nozzle, and Shiotsugu also attends. However, the engine causes a great explosion. Professor Gunomu is hospitalized, but Shiotsugu, who unbelievably suffers only minor injuries, continues operations. The sad news of professor Gunomu's death reaches the plant. Shiotsugu receives a great shock from this. Since the announcement ceremony, attention from the entire nation is paid on the manned space satellite project. However, fellow countrymen who oppose the project repeat demonstrations day after day in front of the Space Force. Also within his heart, Shiotsugu raises doubts upon the project. (However, the public is infatuated with Shiotsugu.)

Even when the launch is drawing near, the launch

site is suddenly changed. The new launch site is located in the hazardous neutral zone between Honneamise and the neighboring country of RIMADA. The government officials have not yet seen the military value in the rockets themselves. Rather, they show interest in tempting the Republic Army to steal the rocket and, moreover, obtaining an upper hand in diplomacy with the news of it.

In spite of various accidents that occurred, Shiotsugu's training is continued as always. Around him, voices of people treating Shiotsugu as a hero, rise. However, despite such positive outlook by the public, Shiotsugu's heart is filled with doubts toward the project. When he thinks of Professor Gunomu's death, demonstrations by the protest groups, and all that has happened, occurred because of his single word of volunteer. His heart sinks into the pit of remorse.

Shiotsugu's press interview proceeds as scheduled at the Space Force's headquarters. Shiotsugu is made angry by a reporter's questions and runs hurriedly away from the press interview. Shiotsugu, without a place to go, goes to Rickney's.

By that time, a plan to capture the rocket is developed in their Republican neighbor. To begin with, in their aim at a delay in the project, Shiotsugu's assassination is planned.

Shiotsugu, who now dwells at Rickney's new home, just spends every day absent-mindedly. Needless to say, Rickney treats him the same as she does Mana. One night, Shiotsugu takes an action hardly imagined by Rickney: Shiotsugu tries to embrace her while pushing her down. However, Rickney resists and strikes him with a lighter, causing him to become unconscious.

The next morning, Shiotsugu apologizes to Rickney for last night's accident, but Rickney denies his crime. She apologizes for the sin her own body has caused and leaves him behind. Shiotsugu sees Rickney off, quite stunned.

After he is separated from Rickney, Shiotsugu again returns to the Space Force. A few members have already departed for various places in order to make launch preparations. Matty, Shiotsugu's best friend, stayed behind. When Shiotsugu and Matty are

browsing in a marketplace, a bullet is fired. The Republic's assassin is after Shiotsugu. Running from place to place, the two manage to succeed in giving the slip to the persistent assassin. After separating from Matty at a train station, Shiotsugu enters the station's premises to hide himself in Rickney's house. The assassin, while riding a street cleaning car to the station, gives chase to Shiotsugu. Once cornered, Shiotsugu counterattacks. However, because of his counter strike, Shiotsugu has killed a human being with his own hands for the first time.

Shiotsugu says goodbye to Rickney and heads for the launch pad where his comrades await.

When the rocket's final constructions are completed, the launch day arrives. However, knowing that slowly they are losing their launch window, just so that the intelligence bureau can lure the Republican Forces, the general orders to move up the launch time.

Because of the staff's desperate efforts, the launch preparations are completed. And when they try to begin the countdown, the forces of the Republic break through Honneamise's border, and their battle with Honneamise's defense forces begins. In response to an evacuation order from the defense forces, the general tries to call off the launch, but on account of Shiotsugu's appeal the countdown for launch is again resumed.

In the middle of the fighting, zero count at last arrives. While scattering the light of its jet which seems to brighten the entire battle ground, the rocket actually rises into the sky. The soldiers in the battlefield are fascinated and every one of them looks up into the sky.

The launch is a success!

As Shiotsugu orbits the planet within his capsule, street lights reflecting in his eyes as if they were stars. He offers prayers for the fact that humankind has arrived in space, and in front of him, a new daybreak is unfolded in space. Shiotsugu is covered by the dawn's light which streams through the capsule's windows; inside his mind, his own recollections and mankind's history vigorously flow like a rapid stream.

## TECH REPORT

### COMET EMPIRE MAGNA FLAME GUN: TECH REPORT AND TACTICAL ANALYSIS -by Logan Darklighter

During the battle of Saturn/Titan between the United Earth Self Defense Forces and the Comet Empire main battle fleet, one weapon nearly decided the entire outcome of the battle: The Magna Flame Gun (although the name is a misnomer-see below).

The MFG ship was the flagship of the fleet and rode at the front of the fleet formation. Due to the great range of the weapon, which was estimated at 8 times the range of the Earth fleet's wave guns, none of the other ships in the Comet Empire's main battle fleet ever got to participate in the main assault (although a flanking move designed to catch the Imperials by surprise was dealt with and the smaller force led by Captain Slate was destroyed).

Twenty ships of the line were destroyed by the MFG. Data accumulated by flight recorders and transmitted to Earth and other ships in the fleet (such as Yamato) showed that just before each ship was destroyed, a flash of light appeared at the front of the Comet Empire lead ship. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, a ball of light would appear just in front of the doomed ship and a beam would rip out and vaporize it. There was no evidence of any continuous beam between the MFG and its target.

There was speculation as to what had been seen. Some thought that it was an advanced type of meson gun, but the blast effects were more typical of a

very large plasma cannon, such as the type that served as the main battery of Zordar's core dreadnaught. Others looked to reports by the Yamato of the Gamilon S.M.I.T.E. machine for an answer. Their theories were confirmed years later. After the Terra/Garuman treaty, Gamilon technicians revealed to ambassadors that there had been an exchange of resources and technology during the time the Gamilons were in the service of Prince Zordar. The use of the cavernous spacedock facilities under Gatlantis in return for an example of SMITE technology. Another part of the bargain was the construction of Desslok's new flagship by the Comet Empire. (It should also be noted that Desslok's red flip-top carrier was refitted with a Desslok Cannon, for use as a back-up flagship there as well.)

Gamilon and Comet Empire technicians constructed the Magna Flame Gun Flagship, however, the Gamilons were under strict instructions not to reveal how certain key critical components worked or how they were constructed; and even to spread misinformation on how they worked. Thus the Gamilons kept the secret of SMITE although they did give the Comet Empire an extremely powerful weapon.

The MFG Flagship was constructed around its engines, a very large plasma/fusion cannon and the SMITE machines. After command communications and secondary armament and armor was installed there was little room for anything else. The ship was essentially one large, mobile cannon. It was tested and put under the command of General Gleak just in time for the Saturn/Titan battle.



Essentially the way the Magna Flame Gun worked was that a SMITE field was generated in front of the ship and the field emergence point was calculated while the main gun charged up. When the gun fired the energy was absorbed by the field and transported to within a few thousand meters of the target. Since the MFG was essentially firing on its target point-blank, there was almost no energy loss due to range so the destructive power was quite impressive - about 1/100 the power of a wave-motion gun.

However, the MFG had one major weakness, warp folding gets imprecise near permutations in the space/time continuum, such as those caused by gravitational fields (witness the first spacewarp by Yamato). Such permutations can be taken into account in the calculations (later designs of wave motion engines were capable of warping a ship from within 10 planetary diameters) but unexpected gravity sources can play havoc with warp calculations and fields. When Captain Gideon plunged his fleet into Saturn's ice rings in order to avoid the Comet Empire fleet, it was the smartest tactical move of the battle. The thousands of individual gravity sources and the overall gravitational field of the ring and it's ring particles were too much for the MFG computers to handle. The gun could not target accurately. Also the warp field of the SMITE generators was overloaded and the generators apparently reversed themselves, bringing thousands of tons of ice, and some backlash of the warped gun energy, right into the face of the battlefleet! The backlash of combined gun energy and overloaded warp field vaporized the ice, creating so much turbulence that the entire fleet was thrown into disarray. This made them easy targets for the Earth fleet's main guns, and all they had to do was circle around and avoid the plane of the ice rings.

It is not known (and probably never will be) whether Captain Gideon guessed the properties of the weapon being used against his fleet and modified his strategy accordingly, or whether it was just that

Saturn's rings provided the best available protection and Gideon just got lucky. Certainly the Imperials must not have guessed what the rings might do or else they would not have followed Gideon to their doom.

Note: You may wonder where I got the notion that the "Magna Flame Gun" was in fact a combination SMITE/Plasma gun when there is no mention of any such thing in *Starblazers*. They always refer to it as a "Magna Flame Gun". Well, I never did think that the explanation of "the cold of Saturn's ice rings" being detrimental held any water. It's plenty cold in the outer solar system already! I also think "Magna Flame Gun" is a pretty silly name anyway. I also noticed a lack of any continuous beam being shown between the MFG ship and the target. Don't you think the Japanese, being crazy about showing how things work, would have shown a long shot of the beam traveling toward it's target? They do it with the wave gun every single time, even though we know what it looks like by now. They also did that in *Mobile Suit Gundam* with the Sun Flash Cannon. I think a weapon with 8 times the range of a wave gun would have a pretty impressive special effects sequence dedicated to it, if there were any beam to show. So why wasn't there? I poured over video tapes of the battle seeking confirmation of a suspicion I had. And sure enough, in every sequence showing the gun firing, they show those beehive patterned things on either side of the cannon emitting concentric circles, like they were generating some kind of field. When the gun fires, the beam appears to disappear in front of the ship. Then they cut to a scene of an Earth Battleship getting wasted. Look closely, the beam appears to come out of nowhere, right in front of the ship, and then vaporizes it.

Obviously, they are teleporting the energy of the gun to the target. It would be easy enough to do. Easier than teleporting matter, really...matter and energy being the same thing these days...



## STORY

(explanation: In the last issue of Nova, we recall a story called "Flight", and remember a Mr. G. Michaels as being the individual who absconded with a laundry spoke of EMS-1, and subsequently discovering -and looting- the remains of Desslok's family treasure ship "Heart of Gamilon" after it met with an unfortunate..accident..at the hands of an angry Station Boss whose aim was slightly..off. Michaels, never being particularly happy with EMS-I, uses his newfound riches to good advantage and we hereby present...)

### RIPOSTE

(or 'Flight' Pt. 2)  
-by Richard S. Halada

BULLETIN TO: G. MICHAELS, PENTHOUSE, THE SAPPHIRE  
TOWER  
FROM: BREVET ADMIRAL O'LEARY, SERVICE  
REPRESENTATIVE OF MERCORP.  
DATE: 4/1/30

Honored client, as arranged, your Rent-An-Armada passed lunar orbit at 0615, earning the 10% promptness bonus. You will also be pleased to learn that, at no extra cost to you, we have added a full platoon of Zentraedi warriors (micronized for easy transport) to the fleet of thirty reconditioned Gamilon and Zentraedi heavy cruisers, manned by a thousand Terran, Gamilon and Lametal technicians and marines. This is a special feature of our cost-effective Galactic Conquest Introductory Package which you selected in our showroom to further your plans for Earth Monitor Station I. We expect to make a preliminary fold within the hour.

FROM: BREVET ADMIRAL O'LEARY  
DATE: 4/2/30

The fold was successful, placing the Rent-An-Armada very close to Mars. Unfortunately, Mars is in part of its orbit on the opposite side of the sun from Uranus and EMS-I. While adding a little extra mileage (no charge, of course) this minor oversight should not seriously harm assault plans. Mercorp has never missed an invasion date yet.

Though fired upon by an unidentified fleet we passed in hyper-space, their marksmanship was laughably incompetent, and we lost only half the force. Nonetheless, we should soon be up to full strength, having accidentally swept a large number of unknown craft along with our fold from other realities (a common occurrence). Shall I negotiate for their assistance? Cost should be minimal.

FROM: BREVET ADMIRAL O'LEARY

HELP. URGENT. WHAT IS CYLON FOR "ENOUGH, ALREADY!"

FROM: BREVET ADMIRAL O'LEARY  
DATE: 4/3/30

Sir, there was no need to contact our home office. Your contract, and guarantee, will be honored. Negotiations, after a brief initial misunderstanding, with the Cylons went quite smoothly. They demanded surrender of "Colonial Vipers", whatever they are. We supplied, on credit, a case of

"Vindshield Vipers", and they departed. Of course we also supplied your address should further arrangements be required.

A "Federation" vessel also declined to join our enterprise against EMS-I, but sold, at low cost, data which will enable us to "slingshot" past the sun to a point reasonably close to our planned course. With the five remaining cruisers (already under repair by skilled Lametal whose entire lives have been spent tinkering with totally incomprehensible machinery) we should easily fulfill contract terms against a simple Monitor Station. If you have any further questions, please contact me, directly.

FROM: BREVET ADMIRAL O'LEARY  
DATE: 4/8/30

Any delay in transmission has been the result of a minor time travel effect the "Federation" craft neglected to mention. Thus we found ourselves in the midst of one of the heated Robotech Masters conflicts which occurred some decades ago. With the loss of only a single cruiser, we were eventually able to return to our original position, at Mars, in the present, with a generous contingent of Robotech Masters' clones to supplement our still-mighty fighting force.

On a humorous note, after cautiously opening fire on a mystery fleet passed in hyper-space on the way back, we discovered that our initial losses on 4/2 occurred from our own time-shifted fire. Battle is often a process of discovery. Thus you need initiate no legal action against the Cylon Empire. We shall report other good news as available. By the way, if you wish to purchase other Mercorp services, please contact me at your convenience.

FROM: BREVET ADMIRAL O'LEARY  
DATE: 7/3/31

We are within striking range of EMS-I, currently on the far side of Uranus. Crew morale is far better than the reports you received during the brief mutiny. Though supplies are low, cannibalism has been tightly controlled. Over two hundred enthusiastic Mercorp employees are on station to serve you, including survivors from the three cruisers involved in the navigational mishap near Jupiter. I regret to say that the effectiveness of the Zentraedi warriors has been somewhat curtailed. Disgruntled Robotech Masters clones sabotaged the proto-culture used in the de-micronization of the warriors, limiting the process. By combining small Zentraedi with large arms, with those with large legs, we may still be able to use one or two sets of the giant armor on board.

We prepare for tomorrow's glorious victory. As my flagship circles Uranus to the East, the other cruiser shall circle West, smashing the station with shock torpedoes from opposite directions in a splendid pincers maneuver. Have you considered Mercorp's wide range of Occupation Force options?

FROM: INDENTURED WEAPONS SALVAGEMAN O'LEARY  
DATE: 8/10/31

Found a working transmitter. Darn Station was in the wrong spot. Both cruisers now in EMS-I salvage spoke 18, shock torpedo damage. Please see if my Mercorp Employee Savings Plan can be used as down-payment toward a Personnel Rescue Option. Granikov says hello.

# SONG TRANSLATION

## HEART OF MADNESS

Performed by THE KODOMO BAND  
Main song from Hokuto No Ken-The Movie  
Stanzas translated by Earnest Migaki

This hopeless dream of mine  
Has for a long, long time  
Been hidden away in my heart.  
This journey I now take is on the way  
To an everlasting freedom -- AWAY --!

There is no turning back  
Now...  
Even if I cannot find  
The end of my sorrows....

\*AH! AH!  
Standin' In The Heart  
of Darkness  
AH! AH!  
Give Me My Life  
Give Me My Energy  
AH! AH!  
Fightin' In The Heart  
Of Madness  
AH! AH!  
Ease My Pain.  
Ease My Loneliness

(\*Repeat)

## PURPLE EYES

Performed by THE KODOMO BAND  
End song from Hokuto No Ken-The Movie  
Stanzas translated by Earnest Migaki

Recollections...which are left behind...  
Remain beautiful as always  
The heart which is closed  
Shines faintly...

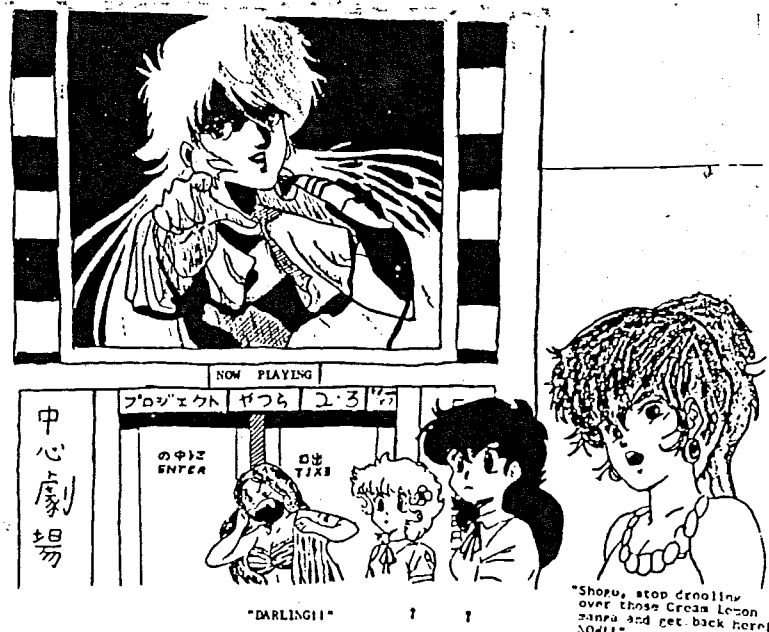
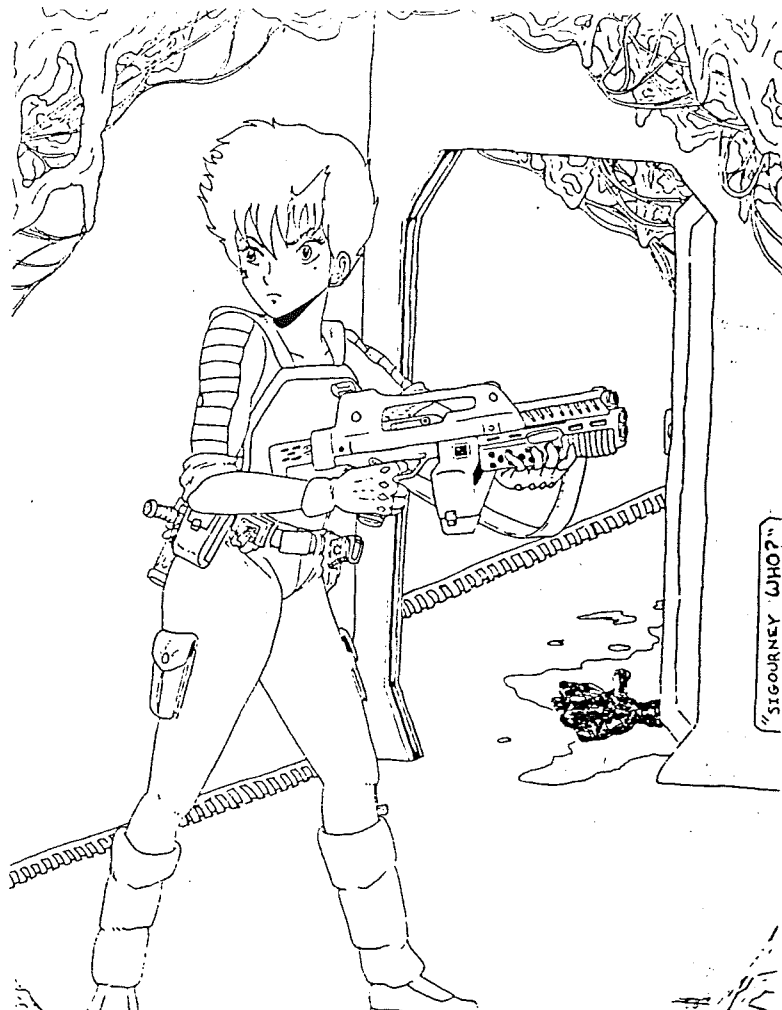
The whispered words  
Of my oath are  
Repeated over and over  
But they never reach you...now...

\*You are Purple Eyes  
Purple Eyes evermore  
Those Purple Eyes have always  
Gazed upon me with warmth.

Someday Purple Eyes...  
Without a doubt Purple Eyes...  
I may meet Purple Eyes  
In a chance encounter once again.

\*\*Someday Purple Eyes...  
Until we meet once again.  
I want you to sleep always by my side...

(\* Repeat) (\*\* Repeat)



# SYNOPSIS

HINO TORI 2772 (Phoenix 2772)

"Ai no Kosumo-zon" (Love in the Cosmozone)

-by Roy Bruce

(reprinted from Anime No Shimibun-C/FO-CVA newsletter)

It is the Twenty-eighth century; the earth government has begun to raise children in controlled surroundings. One such test-tube spawned child is Godo. Upon reaching his first years of adolescence, he receives the "gift" of a transformable android, Orga (or Olga, depending on your preference -ed.), who acts as friend, cook, and mentor to Godo as he grows.

One day, when Godo has almost achieved manhood, he is called out of his controlled environment to the Space Academy. As he and Orga ride through the city, they take in the enormity of their surroundings; the city is wide and open, but with titanic buildings which climb towards the stars. When they finally reach the Academy building, they are separated as Godo starts his training as a soldier/explorer. At first, all is fine, as they practice shooting non-living targets; but when he is called on to kill living (and possibly sentient) beings, Godo rebels. The Drill Sergeant, disgusted, kills the little creatures with much gusto and laughs at Godo's 'weakness'. Godo wonders what kind of mess he's gotten himself into, just being born...

Orga tries to comfort Godo, and he explains to her that the "humane" is no longer a part of "humanity". Branded a rebel by the Academy, Godo's drill sgt. tries to beat him up. But Orga has something to say about that in a big way!

While out walking, Godo spots a young woman of great outward beauty, and is immediately attracted to her. But before he has a chance to meet her, he is ordered to appear before the head scientist. The Scientist orders Godo on a mission which only his piloting skills will suffice for: To find the legendary Phoenix, and bring it back to rejuvenate the Earth, which has been decaying from centuries of war and pollution. Of course, Godo refuses, citing the corruption and murderous attitudes of those in power.

Actually, though, Godo has something else (or rather, someone) on his mind. He finds the girl he had seen earlier that day and tries to talk with her inside her family garden. This is forbidden, as one of the guardian robots warn him. He leaves, and is taken to the "Shark Ship", with which he is fated to do battle, eventually, with the Phoenix. But still he refuses to accept his mission.

Once again caught with the girl, he finds himself in deep trouble: She is the daughter of one of the Academy's leaders, and betrothed to the head scientist. Godo is sentenced to a prison mining colony under the fiend, Blackjack. This man and his colony are perfect examples of what humanity has become. At one point there is an accident, and some of Godo's fellow workers are hurt and/or killed; yet he is barred from helping them by Blackjack's robots. Once in the infirmary, however, Godo makes an ally out of the old doctor, Sarta. Sarta is also fed up with the ways of the power brokers, and that's why he was assigned to a prison hospital. But Sarta is willing to help Godo escape as long as he can come along as well. Meanwhile, Godo's supposed girlfriend has married the head scientist, Orga has made a friend out of a janitorial alien, and the quakes have resumed, signifying Earth's death throes.

Orga helps Godo to escape, and together with her little friend and Dr. Sarta, they make their way to the Shark Ship, with the knowledge that Godo must complete his mission if Earth is to survive. Blackjack is waiting for Godo at the ship; however, and gives him a sound thrashing. Godo finds

Blackjack's 'weakness' in his glass jaw and escapes.. or was it all planned this way? Orga takes care of the few pursuit jets, and returns to the ship. On the ground, Blackjack wishes Godo good luck and Godspeed, both for his own sake and for the sake of the Earth.

Godo throws a fit when he learns of his "girlfriend's" marriage, and Blackjack gets chewed out for allowing Godo to escape. But Blackjack explains that since Godo wouldn't accept the mission openly, he had to be manipulated into taking it.

The Shark lands on a planet reminiscent of the Island of Dr. Moreau, complete with an odd scientist and all of his strange creatures. On this planet, the crew of the Shark load the ship up with supplies, and a few of the strange aliens as well.

That night, on board ship, the aliens decide who's the worse snorer, and Godo is haunted by a strange dream: He knows that he is falling in love with Orga, but...she is a robot, and acted as his mother. Frustrated, Godo takes it out on Orga, who feels alienated. But she is a robot..are robots, she wonders, even supposed to 'feel'?

The team feels that they have traced the Phoenix to a barren world, which is rich in energy. Within a crater, Godo finds the Phoenix in her peaceful form, 'bathing' in the light. Trying to capture her, he fires his gun...Phoenix transforms herself into pure energy, melts the surrounding landscape, and vanishes. Orga rescues Godo at the last moment, and he once again attempts to capture the Phoenix. She again escapes.

Sarta has been injured, and is now partially blind. But Godo does not let that stop them, and he traces Phoenix to yet another planet. But this planet is not a planet at all, but an egg! The peaceful Phoenix has transformed herself into a bird of Destruction, and prepares to do battle with the Earth ship. And a Battle Royale it is, too! Most of the team survives, but not Orga. With her gone, Godo has lost his fighting spirit, and knows only grief at never being able to fully accept or state his love for Orga.

The Phoenix senses this and stops her attack, reverting back to her peaceful form. She enters the ship and approaches the grieving Godo. Seeing her, he thinks himself mad (as many have before); but the Phoenix is real, and she explains her nature.

Within the Universe, there is an eternal body of energy, which humans know as a Phoenix. It appears



HINO TORI

as different things to different peoples and races. Whenever a planet "dies", it's energy rejoins that cosmic life form known as the Phoenix; likewise, when a planet is born or renewed, part of that life force departs. But all is held within the cosmos, and thus in balance. It is not for any being within this timespace to judge or selfishly use. But Phoenix has seen/felt the depths of Godo's love for Orga, and has seen that his cause is largely unselfish. So Phoenix imparts herself within Orga's shell (unknownst to Godo), thereby renewing Orga. And with the ship filled with young plants to renew Earth's vegetation, the Shark returns...

...to be confronted by the head scientist, who accuses them of dishonoring themselves and himself by their failure. And they have doomed Earth. For the

## STORY

### THE UNTOLD STORY - pt. 4

-by Kenneth Mayes

Before I start the story, I want to thank everyone for reading it. Reading some of the responses on the letter page really made my day. Anyone wanting to write can do so. My address is P.O. Box 393, Roanoke, TX 76262.

I welcome any criticisms of my story. Please write. And now, the story so far...

In the last installment, the Argo had received a distress call from outside the solar system. After reporting to Commander Iodo they warped out of the solar system and rendezvoused with a mysterious black ship. Almost immediately, all power was lost and the Argo was immobilized.

\*\*\*

Ship's Log; June 25, 2203. Captain Derek Wildstar. It's been three hours since contact with the alien spaceship. All systems are still down. Sandor can't explain the energy loss. The temperature is dropping steadily and the air is growing stale.

I ordered space suits issued, but they provide little protection. Their lithium batteries are drained so their heating systems don't work. Portable oxygen units have been distributed as well, but general CO<sub>2</sub> levels are still high.

\*\*\*

Sweat was beading up on Wildstar's brow despite the dropping temperature. The darkness seemed to be closing in around him. Anger was welling up in him. He wanted an explanation for the unprovoked attack on his ship. The faint outline of the black-painted alien ship remained just a few hundred meters outside the front view-ports. Wildstar glared at it malevolently.

"Goddamn it!" he yelled, "Come on and shoot us down if you're going to!"

"Take it easy, Derek," Venture said in the darkness.

Wildstar looked in the direction of the voice. All he could see was pitch blackness. "I'm sorry, Mark, but I can't stand this. I hate being paralyzed like this. I hate not knowing what's going through their minds over there or even who they are, for that matter."

"So so I, but...there isn't a whole lot that can be done, is there?" Mark answered. "This could be some sort of psychological test. Whatever it is...losing our tempers isn't going to help."

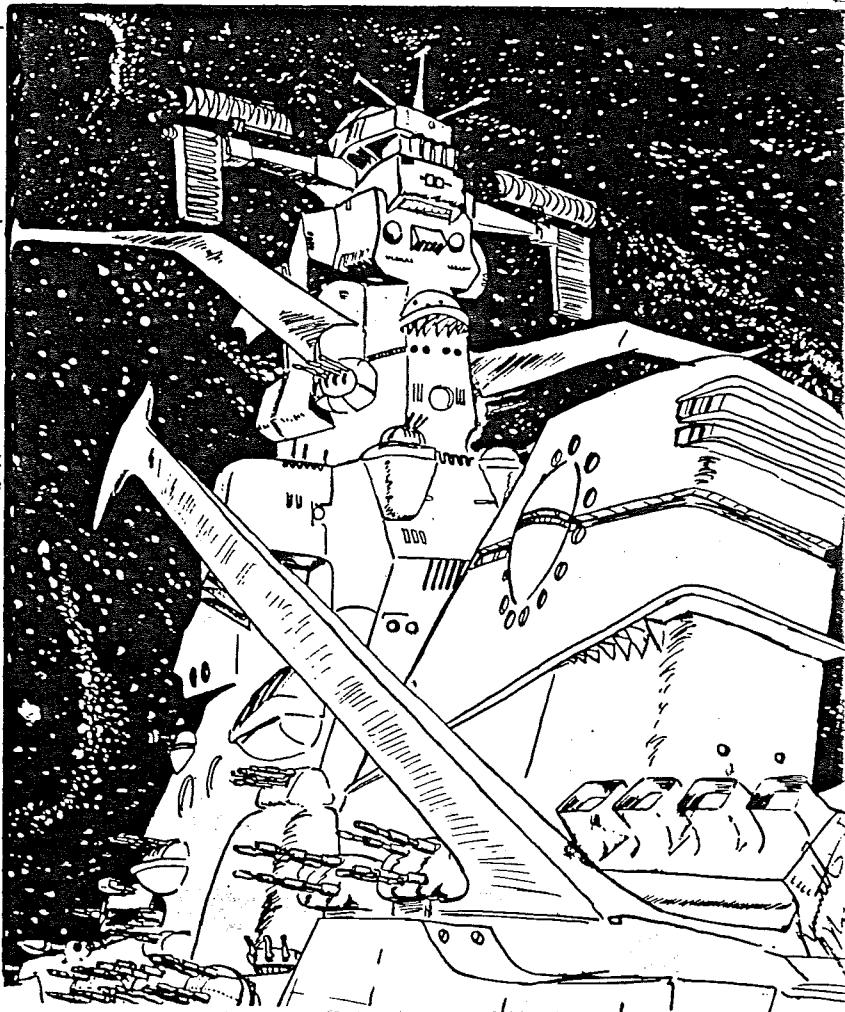
"I know, Mark...just the same, I wish something would happen to change things."

"Derek....Oh my God...Derek..." Nova's voice cried out.

Mark and Derek both looked back towards her station. A soft glow was emanating from her control

Phoenix's power, it seems, is not to be used for Earth. But at least, the scientist thinks, I and my new wife can escape with the Shark.

Blackjack and Godo face each other once again, and say their goodbyes, and then Godo and Orga run back to the Shark. The scientist and his wife try to steal the ship but are killed. And finally, Godo, with Orga by his side, lies down on the beach to die, the last man upon the Earth. It is then that the Phoenix reveals herself, and decides to renew the Earth, for the potential of growth which these beings possess. Godo is transformed back into an infant, and Orga into a human woman, his mother. And the Phoenix sings her song of Being throughout the Cosmozone...



panel and she was backing hastily away from it. Quickly they were out of their seats and crossing the bridge. Simultaneously, they ran up against an invisible wall. Wildstar bounced off of the wall and fell unceremoniously to the floor. He grimaced in agony as pain lanced through his face. Damn, he thought, not my nose again. As he got back to his feet he watched the soft glow brighten suddenly to a blinding light. He averted his eyes.

Suddenly it was dark again. No, not dark...the soft glow around the radar station was still there. but he noticed quickly that Nova wasn't.

"Nova!" he screamed and threw himself against the invisible wall. With all of his strength he pounded the wall with his fist. Again and again.

Suddenly he felt arms grappling his and pulling him back. Mark and Sandor. Quickly, they pulled him back and pushed him into his chair. But he tried to rise again.

The sharp stinging sensation of a slap snapped him to full awareness. He looked with shock at Sandor.

"Wildstar! Calm down!"

"But Nova is..."

"Yes she is," Venture yelled, "But we aren't! We're still here and our lives are in danger! I know how you feel about her, but for God's sake Derek, you're the Captain! You've got just as much responsibility for our lives! You've got to keep your wits about you. Do you understand me?"

For a few seconds he said nothing. "Yes," he finally said. "Yes, I understand. I understand and I apologize. You're right."

He stood up quickly and looked at the black ship through the ports. Then he turned and said, "Sandor, I want you to examine that wall or force-field or whatever it is around Nova's station. I want to know everything about it that you can figure out."

"But all of my equipment is down..."

"Then use your fingers, dammit! Find out what you can!"

"Yes, sir!"

Venture smiled, "Welcome back, Derek."

"Mark, I want to see you plot out a line of sight flight path to bring us on a collision course with that black ship."

"But why...the engines are down...we..."

"I've got an idea, Mark, just do it! Sandor...?"

"Just a sec..." he was circling the radar station with his hands against the force field. "Alright... the force field is about two meters square and two and a half meters tall. It covers the radar station like a bubble. I don't know yet if it extends down into the next deck to completely encircle the station, but I wouldn't be surprised. I don't know yet if it is comprised of energy or matter, but I do know it's strong. I delivered a blow equal to one thousand-plus kilos against a two square centimeter area. There was no effect. I can't find any seams or openings. The panel itself appears to be operating but heaven knows where it's getting the power."

"What do you know?"

Sandor paused, "I know we won't be able to break through it with anything we've got. At least not without demolishing the station and probably a good part of the bridge as well."

"Wildstar!"

Derek spun as he heard Dash's startled exclamation. The same soft glow was emanating from the gunnery console.

"Dash!" he yelled.

Too late. The bright light flashed again and Dash was gone.

"Dammit!" Wildstar exclaimed, "Sandor, analysis?"

Quickly, the Argo's science officer crossed the room and examined the invisible wall around the gunnery computer. "It appears to be identical to the one around the radar station, only slightly smaller."

"Okay everyone," Wildstar ordered, "back away from your stations. We can't afford to lose anyone else."

Suddenly, the Science console activated and a force field developed, followed in quick succession by Analysis, Navigation, Engineering, Command, Communications, and Security.

Homer was caught in the Communications bubble and Eager was caught in the one around Analysis.

"Alright...that does it!" Wildstar whispered,

"Mark, you got that course computed?"

"Almost, but I still don't see..."

"It's simple," Wildstar explained. "We'll blow out the hull in certain compartments on the opposite side of the ship. The explosive decompression should propel the ship in the direction of that alien."

"But, Derek," Venture countered. "Any momentum we gathered would be so small that the alien would have plenty of time to move out of the way!"

"Maybe," Wildstar insisted, "but it may force their hand...bring about a confrontation. Any change right now can only help us. If we don't do something soon we'll all die of asphyxiation...or the cold."

"You're right...I'm on it!" Venture said excitedly, "We'll show them a little Earthly ingenuity!"

Quickly he turned and with Sandor's help, began working out the details of the plan.

Wildstar sat and watched while Sandor left the bridge to supervise the placing of the charges. Approximately half an hour later he returned to the bridge. In his hand rested an odd device with knobs and switches.

"What's that?" Wildstar asked.

"Manual detonator. Radio control."

"That requires power to operate. How are you going to manage that?"

"Watch," Sandor grinned. He turned and knelt down between the radar station and the engineering console. He pulled up a floorplate and exposed hidden conduits and power lines. "I checked the floorplans, Wildstar. There is a power conduit that runs under the floor here. It passes directly through the bubbles surrounding both stations. If we're lucky, I can tap into whatever is powering both consoles and use it to power the detonator."

"Well done, Sandor," Wildstar smiled, "Venture, are the affected sections evacuated?"

"Yes."

"Then let's do it!"

Sandor traced down the power conduit, then used his bionic strength to strip away the insulation from the superconducting material. The detonator was then crudely wired in. Once done, Sandor stood up and handed the detonator to Wildstar.

Wildstar took a deep breath and muttered, "Here goes..."

CLICK! A loud crunching noise reverberated through the ship followed by a sickening shudder. The various explosive charges detonated on cue, ripping great holes in the inner and outer hulls. Thin wisps of atmosphere exploded outward, instantly freezing as they did so.

At first there was no response from the mysterious black ship. The Argo drifted directly toward it ominously.

"It's working," Wildstar hissed through clenched teeth.

"Two hundred meters..." Sandor reported.

A painfully bright shaft of light suddenly emanated from the black ship. Wildstar shielded his eyes but it was too late. They were dazzled, and all he could see were spots.

"Venture, report."

"I don't know, I can't see!"

"The alien is moving," Sandor supplied. "I don't believe it! They just made a sharp acceleration that I would estimate at close to one hundred G's. Then a ninety degree banking turn...and now they're flying circles around us at one hundred meters out and are still accelerating! The centrifugal force over there must be almost unimaginable. The Argo could not survive such a maneuver."

Slowly the spots were disappearing from Wildstar's sight and he could make out the streaks of light that was the alien ship as it circumnavigated the Argo over and over at ever increasing speed.

As he watched, the ship attained such fantastic speeds that it could no longer be made out distinctly. Soon it became just a blur and then it appeared to be nearly a solid shaft of light that circled the Argo like a donut.

Unexpectedly, the lights came back on. A quick look around revealed all the stations were back on line and the force fields had vanished.

"We've got power restored," Sandor exclaimed.

Suddenly a bright flash of light erupted in the center of the bridge. When it vanished Nova, Dash,



Homer and Eager stood in its place.

"Nova," Wildstar smiled. The smile disappeared rapidly when he noticed a tall robed figure standing behind them. "Who...?"

Stepping forward the robed figure smiled, "Hello, Captain Derek Wildstar."

"Who in the hell are you?"

"Who am I...?" the stranger smiled with a playful glint in his eye. "My, my...what a remarkably stirring and physical question. Although in your terms...the answer would be meaningless, the question should actually be what and how...with elements of who and where...and when...thrown in."

"What...?"

"Ha," the stranger laughed, "Don't try to figure it out young Captain, you'll only give yourself a headache."

"Alright...I don't know who or what you are but I'm not in the mood to play games."

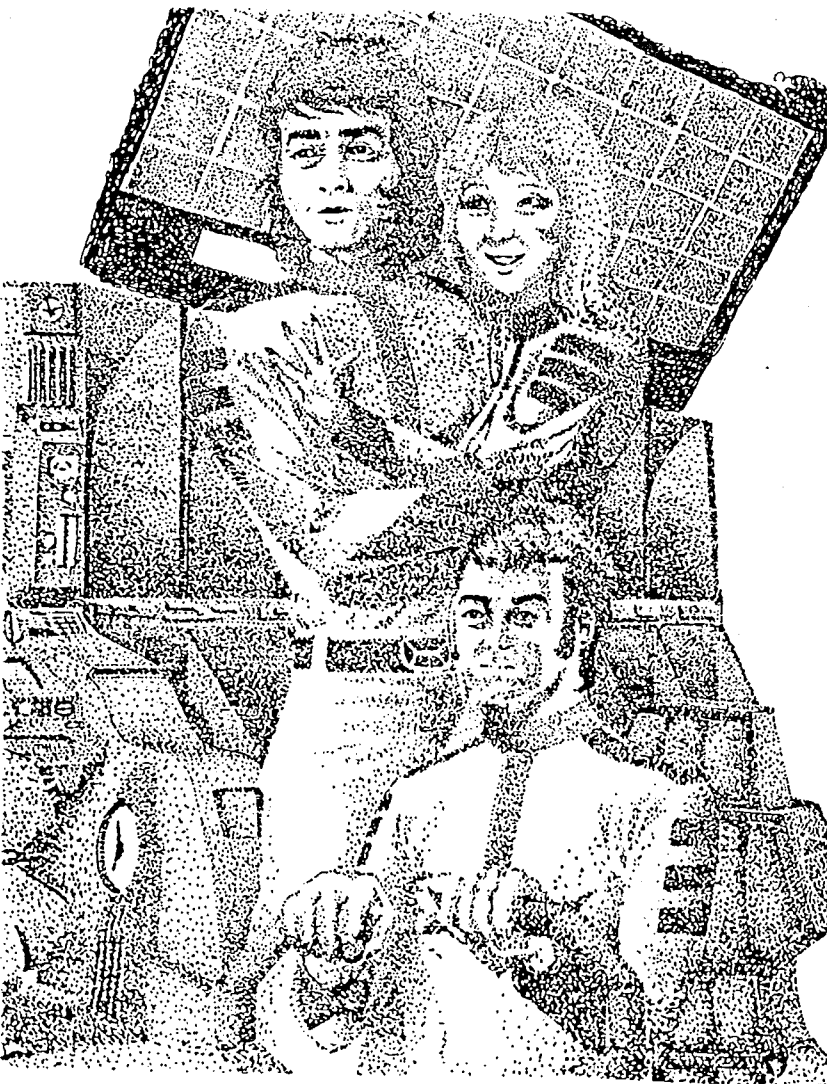
"I'm sure you're not, Captain. Neither am I," the stranger answered. "I'm here to help you."

"Help...?"

"Yes, young Captain...help.." The stranger stepped forward and looked Wildstar carefully in the eye. "There is something very important that you must do. The very survival of your Earth depends on it."

"What do you mean?"

"Captain...how should I say this? My..." he faltered as if trying to think of a descriptive noun, and failing. Finally he settled for... "...people.. have been watching and observing your world for centuries. We have watched you evolve from warring tribal cultures, to warring theocracies to warring nations and now finally to warring stellar systems. War seems to be intrinsic to your natures."



"Mankind has not fought among itself for over fifty years. And every war we've been in since, against other worlds, were not started by us." Wildstar put in defensively.

The stranger smiled. "True...very true! My... people...rejoiced when your people united to fight the Gamilons. But we felt a pang of sorrow that it required a threat to your very existence to get you to unite. Still, all the same, you've been at peace among yourselves for your fifty years and that pleases us. We also foresee that that peace shall last for thousands of your years."

"Then why are you hear?" Wildstar demanded. "Why do you say that Earth is in danger?"

"Because of something else we have foreseen. I cannot...tell you everything...the future must hold some secrets. But I can tell you this, your Earth will be involved in a devastating war a few years from now. Your vessel...the Argo...will play a crucial role in that war...just as it has in your last two wars."

"How do you know this?" Wildstar demanded.

"Because...it's part of what we are..." the stranger answered. "The group against which you will be pitted has already laid its plans against Earth, and more specifically...against your ship!"

"What do you mean?"

"These people have developed a method of time travel. They have sent agents back in time to change your Earth's history and more specifically...the history of your ship."

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?! What do you mean?!" the stranger mocked. "Really Captain, I'm sure I'm being plain enough. If their agents succeed...your ship, as you now know it, will cease to exist, along with your current Earth government, and its population as well."

The stranger became serious again. "What you must do, Captain...simply put, is to, uh, stop them from doing it."

"If what you are telling me is true...it's meaningless. The Argo can't time travel."

"Oh, but it can, Captain, it can," the stranger smiled wickedly. "You see, young Captain, all the time we've been talking, we've also been regressing. I will be leaving your presence in a minute, and when I do, the year will be nineteen forty-five. It will be Friday, April 6th, the day before the battle in which your ship was sunk. You have to make sure history happens as it should. No changes. Goodbye."

"No! Wait..." Wildstar exclaimed. But it was too late. A bright flash of light erupted, and he was gone.

"Derek!" Venture shouted.

Wildstar spun and looked where Venture was pointing. Through the front viewports...Earth could be seen.

"That's impossible," Sandor exclaimed. "We were a good light year out."

"Homer," Wildstar ordered. "Try to contact EDC Headquarters!"

A few seconds went by before Homer's reply, "I can't raise them, wildstar! All EDC bands are blank!"

"Radar?"

"Scanning," Nova answered. "The Earth Defense Radar Net is not operating. I can't seem to locate the com-sats or the battle-sats. Space is empty."

"That's can't be," Sandor protested. "Close Earth orbit is practically littered with ships and satellites!"

"Sandor," Nova insisted, "There's nothing out here but us."

Wildstar nodded. "I thought as much. Well guys...we're in nineteen forty-five. Anybody have any ideas?"

....TO BE CONTINUED

LANCER



MINT! PUT DOWN THAT CAMERA NOW!



# HEAVY METAL An Analysis of Mecha -by Chris Todd

As promised in my previous article on computer artificial intelligence and its application to the character of Eve Tokimatsuri from Megazone 23, I am now writing an article concerning mecha and the possibility of realistic mecha technology. I should preface this article by saying that I, personally, find the manner in which mecha are portrayed in anime to usually be unrealistic. Before I am stormed by thousands of fans of the Gundam epic saga, let me say that this does not detract from the fun in any way, but at the moment I am more concerned with the realistic applications of mecha. The majority of the speculation in this article is just that: speculation. But it is based on reasonable scientific grounds, and considering the rate of technological advancement, it at least has a good chance of becoming possible. As always, any errors are mine and unintentional.

To those new to anime in general or the concept of mecha in particular, the term "mecha" should be explained. "Mecha," is derived in some fashion from the word "mechanical", lacks any form of rigid definition; it is applicable to a wide range of technological devices from powered battle suits to heavy loading equipment to giant combat robots, but I have constructed a general definition which includes the majority of these devices:

**mecha** (meka) noun. 1. A construct, often mechanical in nature, that in some way enhances and/or amplifies the normal physical abilities of a human

Curiously, the large majority of fictional mecha are military and combative in nature, a tendency that is grounded in the depths of human psychology. I will come back to this point later in the article. Examples of these offensive mecha (also referred to collectively as "mechs" or singularly as a "mech") abound in the American media, including the original powered armor suits from Heinlein's Starship Troopers and Haldeman's The Forever War. More recent versions include an actual working prototype of a powered diving suit called JIM, used by the Navy and last seen in the James Bond movie For Your Eyes Only. Probably the more widely known mech of late and one of the most realistic is the cargo loader used by Sigourney Weaver in Aliens. It is to the movie's credit that this is the most probable version of a mech in any form yet seen, as evidenced by the fact that many moviegoers thought that the suit actually worked and was not an elaborate special effect. With the advent of Robotech and to some degree, Transformers, Americans became infatuated with a new breed of mech -- those that transformed into a variety of other forms, the most famous of these being the infamous Veritech fighters. From there it was a small leap until many in and out of the anime community were familiar with the giant robots of Gundam and the elaborate constructs of Five-Star Stories.

In this respect, though, I have several complaints with anime's treatment of mecha in general. If the reader will bear with me, I'd like to ask a few questions that I know everyone has asked himself at one point or another:

- 1) Why should mecha be constructed along the blueprint of a human structure?
- 2) What kind of materials are those suckers built out of that is heavy enough to laugh at missile fire, but still light enough that it can fly around?
- 3) Where do you get enough power to move a several ton mech, power it's various offensive and

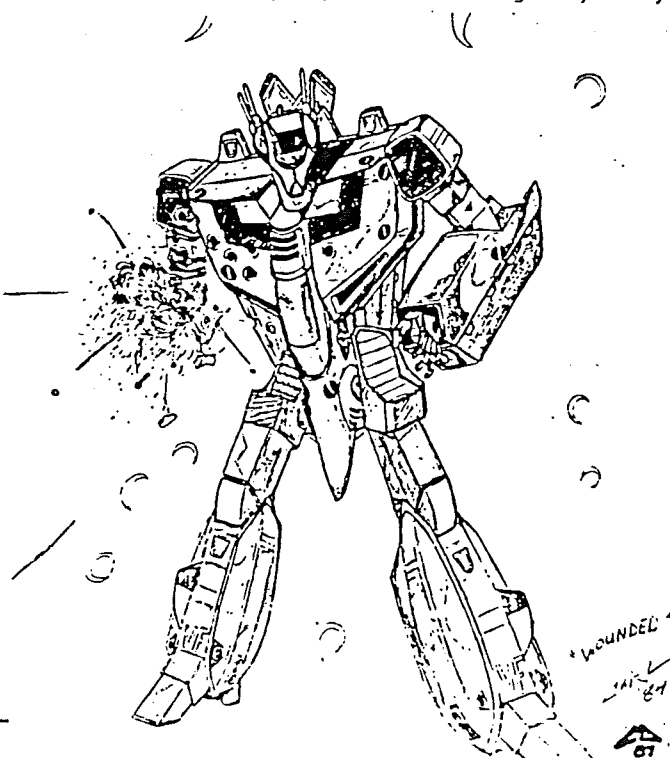
defensive devices, and provide for various sundry items such as life support?

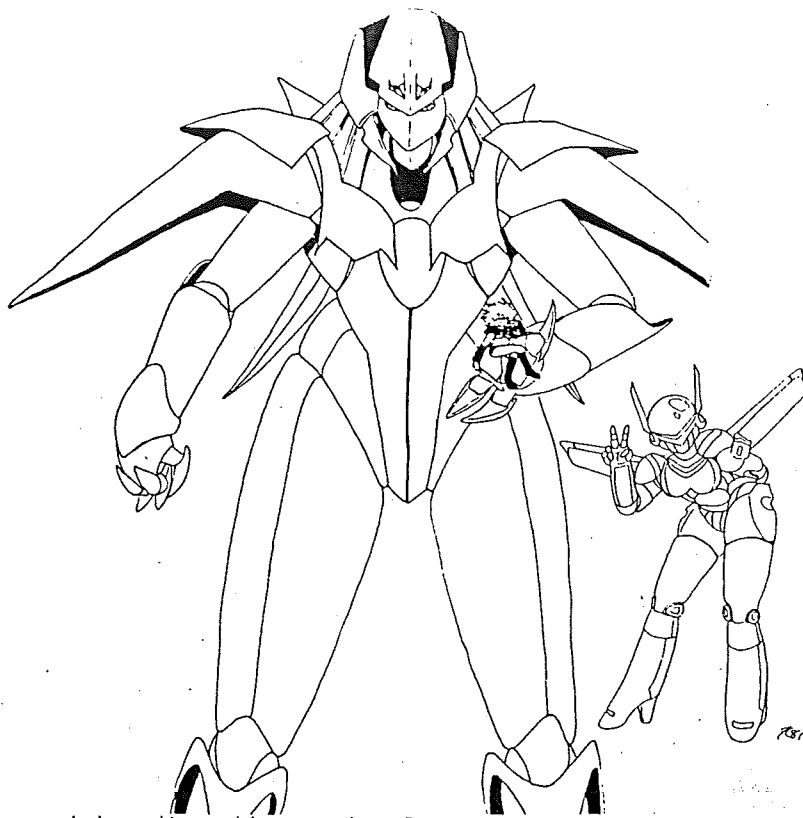
4) Come to think of it, what kind of control system could possibly work a machine of that sophistication in real time? A joystick won't cut it...

Anime, being what it is, has come up with a variety of answers including such materials for armor as "Gundanium", anti-gravity systems, and, my personal favorite which I am told by many Robotech (excuse me: Macross) fans, a system of over a hundred switches to fly a Veritech fighter. So you say you don't have a handy chunk of Gundanium? No anti-gravity thrusters? And you can't move fast enough to hit 62 switches just to perform a backwards somersault during combat? Boy oh boy are you in trouble...

The best way to examine mecha technology in detail and to determine some possibly more realistic answers to the questions raised above is to build a mech from the ground up. Welcome to "Mecha Building 101". The first item to be considered is the general structure and shape of the mech. There are a variety of forms possible, often in anime patterned after existing lifeforms. Many people point to the insect, as in Aura Battler Dunbine, as being the ultimate creature after which to pattern a mecha by virtue of its almost monopoly of the Earth. However, many fail to realize that the very factor which makes the insectile race one of the most numerous on the planet, also makes them unsuitable for mecha construction--they are small. If an insectile skeleton were enlarged to the size required of mecha, the skeleton would collapse under its own weight in accordance with the inverse square law. In addition, insects possess only an exoskeleton. Again, if they were enlarged to the point we need, movement would be impossible with almost any conceivable means of locomotion. This is not to say that it's not within the realm of reason to build an insectile mech, but I think it would be far more efficient to borrow some tricks from the insect world and adapt them to another structure.

That other structure being, of course, Human. First of all, a human patterned structure would possess an endoskeleton, which would provide a needed stability necessary for all larger lifeforms..or mecha. In addition, two appendages (read "arms") would be available for a variety of tasks such as manipulation or weaponry fire. Two legs is, in my





opinion, the optimum number for a mech. I believe that when stability and several other factors are taken into account that two legs are more efficient and relatively easier to work with. As I shall discuss later, walking is one of the toughest actions a human ever performs in his life. Constructing a mech to walk with two legs is hard enough, but locomoting a mech with four or five legs might prove impossible with any degree of speed.

There are two final points in favor of humaniform mecha. One, that the human form has evolved over thousands of years to be one of the most adaptable on Earth. It would not hurt to take a page from Mother Nature's book in this manner. Second, the mech pilot will be human in form, also. It would be increasingly difficult to train a mech pilot with any degree of proficiency in this style of combat, the farther away from the human type of structure you moved. For instance, it would be absurd to place vital control or life support systems in an exposed and vulnerable mech head, but visual sensors located there would feed a mech pilot information from a more anthropomorphic viewpoint.

We have a structure, but what about structural materials? I explained above concerning the insect exoskeleton the folly of ignoring weight when designing a mech. We have a problem then when it is realized that for a combat mecha, a suit of armor directly analogous to the insect's exoskeleton is required...As I see it, the solution to mecha armor lies in two areas. First, armor the mecha in ceramic armor plates (and I don't mean pottery). Ceramic armor plates are composed of woven strands of high tensile ceramic material which is several times stronger than steel and much lighter. In addition, the woven ceramic plates will bend and flex, but not break...excellent for joint armor. Prototype ceramic armor is already in use by the U.S. Army. In fifty or a hundred years ceramic armor could effectively be used in mech construction. However, due to weight constraints, ceramic armor could still not cover an entire mech, but only the vital areas such as joints, power, and the control cabin. Thus, the second solution to mech armor is to not even allow a projectile to hit the mech! Simple, yes? For all but the most massive high powered and high tech lasers, photonic weaponry would be relatively useless against a mech itself, the ceramic armor and other structural components providing sufficient protection. A mech

would face real danger from projectiles such as missiles, heavy slugs, and napalm. Lasers would become more useful in tracking incoming projectiles, locking on, and destroying them before they reached the mech...almost a personal SDI system. Slug throwers and other tracking systems could provide several layers of protection to the mech before its armor came into play. In addition, a "carbon carbon carbon" armor (3C armor) constructed from carbon fibers would provide similar protection. Already, airplanes use such a superlight/superstrong graphite material in their construction. Napalm provides a rather more difficult problem, but can be solved by either coating the mech in some form of fire retardant chemical or wiping out the napalm launcher before it's fired (i.e. blasting the soldier holding the napalm device to oblivion).

Powering the mech has a relatively simple solution. Within seventy-five years suitcase sized nuclear fusion power units would provide all the power a mech needs and some excess. In nuclear fusion two atoms of light hydrogen are fused into heavy hydrogen, providing several times more energy than a nuclear fission generator. Nuclear fusion releases no extraneous or dangerous radiation and can be fueled by water--it is an elementary chemical process to strip the hydrogens off a water molecule. You even get some breathable oxygen to boot.

However, nuclear fusion is not currently viable because of the high temperatures required...but several prototype reactors are working, including the Tokamak reactor at the University of Texas at Austin.

As for locomotion, a technology capable of building a mech along the lines I am describing would disdain the use of hydraulics, pneumatics, or any form of gears for movement. All three become antiquated and unable to hold up under the battle conditions required. Instead a primitive musculature composed of synthetic muscle fibers would be employed. Strong as steel, but able to contract upon an electrical signal and then return to its original shape, these fibers would be thousands of times more efficient than any other mechanical device. This idea has already found application in the mecha of Aura Battler Dunbine. It should be noted that the perfect lubricant could also be of advantage--in this case synthetic synovial fluid, the material which oils human joints. These particular ideas are not so far fetched, as we are well on our way to developing synthetic muscle and synovial fluid in many labs. Even so, I doubt that mecha flight will ever be a possibility. Almost any conceivable propulsion system (I'm discounting antigravity) would require so much fuel to lift a several ton mech that it would be an exercise in futility.

So you've got your mech and you want it to be the best armed mecha on the block. You've seen lasers, missiles, and machine guns, but somehow you want more. Well, let me show you our handy dandy gauss rifle. A gauss rifle will magnetically accelerate a projectile up to a few percent of the speed of light. In experiments at the Balcones Research Center in Austin, a primitive gauss gun also called a mass driver or rail gun) blew a perfect 1 centimeter hole through several inches of armored steel with a plexiglass cube 1 centimeter on edge. A modern mech equivalent could accelerate ceramic projectiles to speeds that could cause explosions on the scale of an atomic bomb upon impact. The gauss gun does suffer from several disadvantages though. It guzzles enormous amounts of power, could not be a rapid fire weapon, and might add considerable weight to a mech. Lasers, even high powered ones, would probably be almost useless against ceramic armor. Particle weaponry, a neat idea, but even in my liberal view is several hundred years in the future. Plasma weaponry suffers from many of the same disadvantages of gauss guns. Fast "smart" missiles would be the weapon of choice along with automatic slug throwers. Hand-to-hand combat could also be a deciding factor.

Interestingly enough, if hand-to-hand combat is possible, I see no reason to discount the use of swords in mech combat...

Your mech is armored, armed, and fueled up. You climb into the cockpit and flip the power on. Lights flood the cramped space, the acrid smell of insulation fills the cockpit. Then you realize you forgot something...how to control the silly thing! It is important to note that any control system must be able to respond in real time under combat conditions...a series of switches won't do the trick. Several of my friends have intimated that a system of control sticks and foot pedals would work, but somehow I cannot see that as allowing for the wide range of motion required. For instance, what controls do you move to cause the mech to twirl and fall to one knee? In addition, the very act of walking is incredibly complicated, having to take into account thousands of individual factors just to move one foot and not lose balance...to make a mech run would seem to be almost beyond the control of the most advanced computer systems. The solution then is to use the human mind. An electronic spinal tap could be surgically implanted in the base of the mech pilot's skull. Several thousand optical fibers could detect and intercept any nerve impulses meant for motor functions. A massive, partially intelligent, computer entity could then translate these impulses into the appropriate action for the mech. The mech would become an extension of the pilot...if the pilot thought to cause his body to run, the mech would! A system of biofeedback through sensors in the mech's limbs and head could then allow for an almost totality of control. Pain, an excellent teacher, could also be simulated when the mech is hit. Perhaps this explains why mech pilots in anime always scream when their mech is hit...

I find that there is mech in anime that seems to fit most of these criteria in a rough fashion--IczerRobo from Iczer One. IczerRobo seems to utilize a motivational system as described above of synthetic muscle fibers and synovial fluid (watch carefully when the arm is blown off by the Delos Theta mech). In addition, the control systems seem to be extremely similar. Notice how Iczer One is wired into the control system of her mech...a primitive biofeedback system is also available.

Many other mechs in anime are worthy of note. The Proto-Garland and Garland from Megazone 23 seem to be fairly realistic in their humanoid mode, even if the control systems are a bit antiquated. As mentioned before, the mechs of Aura Battler Dunbine are quite well thought out. The mechs of Five-Star Stories are also quite neat...the Red Dragon and Mirage stand out in my mind. The robots of Gundam also deserve quite a bit note...but then they're big robots. The mecha displayed in Star Front Gail Force: The Eternal Story are extremely well designed and probably some of the best mechs around.

Then of course there are the Veritech (Ed: Valkyrie) fighters from Robotech and Macross. The Veritechs were probably some of the first mecha where the designer took a serious look at the technology available. Even though I disagree with the method of control and their ability to transform, the Veritechs are a well designed fighting machine. But, I think several shows have portrayed mecha better since Macross.

The thought about mecha which intrigues me most is the very reason for their existence. Why even have a human shaped fighting machine? Why not a tank or intergalactic star destroyer? I think the answer lies deep in the human psyche in what has been termed the "Knight in Shining Armor" complex. A romantic notion where we disdain the use of other machines to do the work of battle, but do it ourselves. Mechs are not tanks to be ordered about, planes to be flown miles above a target, but are psychological extensions of the pilot in battle. In this way, a dark

and lingering hunger of the human race is satisfied...that of blood and violence. In another way, though, combat at this personal level breeds a man of honor and compassion in some way. Witness the existence of chivalry.

In this article I have chosen to concentrate on larger, mainly robotic, mechs. But a mech must not be large to be a mech or effective. M.D. Geist's armor is extremely effective as are the SIIVA (pronounced "Shiva", a Japanese inside joke I believe) suits from The Dirty Pair Movie. The armored suits from Bubblegum Crisis and Bubblegum Crisis 2: Born to Kill also qualify as mecha. These and many others are examples of what I like to call "personal mecha" or "pocket mecha". They are mecha, but each have their own pros and cons as opposed to the larger variety as to merit their own article someday.

There are many topics concerning mecha I have neglected to cover (as the reader heaves a sigh of relief), such as methods to rid the mecha of excess heat, mecha unit organizations, mecha logistics, and many others. I hope the reader has enjoyed this article and that it has started some wheels turning in your head as to mecha design...who knows how soon we'll need "mech-techs". I'd like to conclude by saying that even though I have been a trifle tongue-in-cheek at times concerning Macross, Gundam, and such, it is only in fun. The designers and animators responsible for such series should be given credit for introducing mecha, and many times, doing it first. The purpose of this article is not to discredit their achievement, but to show how far their ideas could really go...and the answer is quite far.

#### REFERENCE:

Almost any of the anime series listed will provide an excellent reference to mechs. I particularly recommend Gundam, Macross, Gall Force and Iczer One. The designers of Iczer One have another mech-filled feature just out called Dangaioh; it seems to be a parody of the older "cute girls and a giant robot" shows.

In America, the excellent Battletech game system portrays a relatively realistic mech combat system and is loads of fun. The recent addition of Mechwarrior to the system inspired some of the ideas in this article. Also recommended are the FASA Battletech line of books. Both Decision at Thunder Rift and Sword and Dagger by William H. Keith, Jr. and Ardath Mayhar respectively, are excellent books. There is a third book in the Battletech series but I have not as yet had a chance to read it.

Technical information was gleaned from a variety of journals such as Scientific American and Popular Science. However, most of the technical extrapolation is my own. If you can find it in your local bookstore I heartily recommend Mecha: Design Standards and Techniques written by Reill Ocmitt.

I hope to incorporate some of these ideas into an upcoming short story called "Jaberwocky". If anyone would like to discuss these ideas with me, I'm usually at the SDF-Fort Worth meetings and almost always at the SDF-Dallas meetings. I'll also be at the March Dallas Fantasy Fair. Just remember, old mech warriors never die...they just go to pieces.

"Dirty Pair Lives On!"

I would like to thank Tim Collier for his much needed information, providing a springboard for my ideas, and just being a good friend. I would also like to thank Logan Darklighter for some much needed feedback and several unknown persons at the con who served in the same capacity (especially that guy who tipped me off about 3C armor...hope I got the details right).

NEXT TIME (deadlines and editors willing): Cityhunter; The Physics of the HyperHammer. No, really, I'm serious!

[Proof Veggie Comment: I WANT THIS GUY ON MY ENGINEERING STAFF!]

-by David Merrill

CAPTAIN DAVE KILLS SIX, ESCAPES IN POLICE SHOOTOUT

And now that I have your attention...

Hi. I'm Dave Merrill, and I've been asked to give you folks out there a few pearls of wisdom concerning that awesome genre we all love--Japanese Animation (what else?) In case I haven't inflicted my personality upon you in person, here's a short autobiographical note. I run C/FO Atlanta, I run the Space Battleship Anime Hasshin (catchy, huh?), I think I'm the Publications Director for the National C/FO, I manage a mini comic company called Gear Productions, under whose auspices appear the thrilling and occasionally humorous adventures of Jet Jaguar, and I am the living incarnation of Prince Planet. Aside from that, I listen to lots of Siouxi records and watch too much TV. [Proof Veggie's Comments: We also elected him as the Hindu God of Surfing, but don't tell him. We're gonna surprise him on his birthday.]

All of this, they tell me, qualifies me as somewhat of a dubious authority on Jap Anime (TWO Words!!!)

However, I think it's 'cause of all the tapes I have.

At any rate, today's topic is: Why I watch Japanese Animation.

Note; it's not why WE watch anime, or why YOU watch anime, but why I watch anime.

Now a lot of folks say they look at cartoons because of a lot of different reasons. Some say because of the cool plots; some say because of cool character designs, big eyes, etc.; some say because of the technical stuff, giant robots, et al.

Those are pretty good reasons, but wait-- there's more to it than that. Plot? In a medium where most of us don't know enough of the language to "find a bathroom", let alone figure out the exotic psychological motivations of the third leading character? About the most we can dope out is who shoots who. Now, some shows do have excellent plots, provided by very good translations and such. But if I wanted only plot, I'd watch GENERAL HOSPITAL or something.

Character Design? Well, again, lots of shows have lots of nifty character designs, but so do lots of American and European comics.

Mecha? Yeah, it's neat, but so is POPULAR MECHANICS. If you like robots and ships and stuff, great, but there's lots more to Japanese Animation than circuit boards.

So, you say. What is your great big reason to waste time and videotape watching cartoons?

Japanese Animation is COOL. It MOVES. It's got DRAMA. LOADS of drama. Imagination. Looks.

Spirit, basically.

Look at any show--from megahit GUNDAM to turkey TRYDER G-7...it's got SPIRIT!!! All the characters--any post-- they live! They're going for it!! They are pissed off and ready to party! Lotsa fist waving, hair swirling, victory cheering positive mental energy in EVERY SHOW!! From Akanemaru to Yattaman!! They are, as they say, GOOD TO GO.

That's my first reason. Spirit. You can't find that in every American cartoon. Some, but not many.

My other reason is even more ethereal than spirit, and it concerns plot, to a degree. Whereas in American sf cartoons, the conflict is usually so black-and-white nothing is left to chance, in Japanese cartoons the conflict is never so clear-cut. Heroes are villains, villains turn into heroes, and the line separating them can be crossed with astonishing ease. Also the conflicts in Japanese plot-lines are almost always philosophical as well as physical. Different sides are separated by their ethics and morals as well as their political aims. You can see this in any Matsumoto series. The heart

of GALAXY EXPRESS is a philosophical idea that limited mortal life produces beings who respect life. Or look at HOKUTO NO KEN, CYBORG 009, CAPTAIN HARLOCK, MEGAZONE 23 part 2, or even GOLGO 13. Philosophy you just don't get in American cartoons, even Japanese-animated ones like Bionic Six or Galaxy Rangers.

And that's pretty much why I watch this stuff. It's not something you can say in a few sentences, but it's the facts.

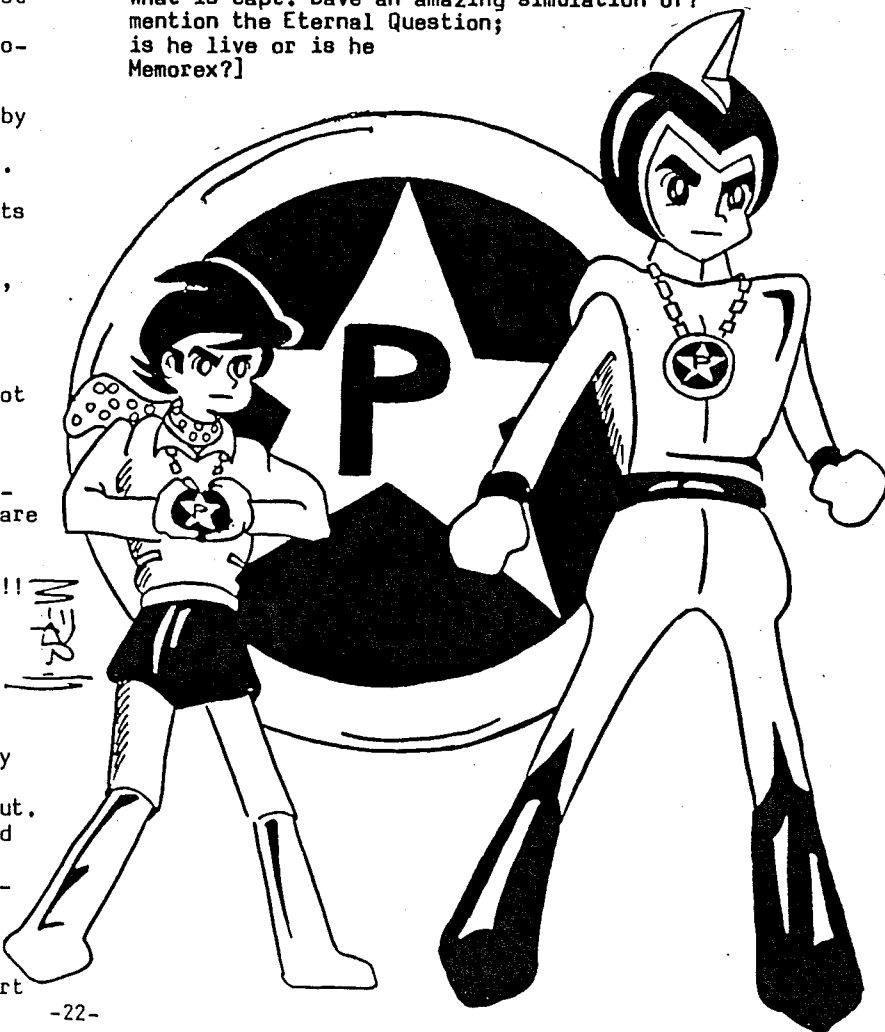
That's why there's not much non-Japanese animation I like. Japanese animation is literature. It has themes, morals, drama, pathos--whereas in American big-budget cartoons you get cartoon characters having sex (oh my gosh!) and slicing each other up (good golly!)(ala Heavy Metal -ed). There's a whole slew of American animation fans who pretend that Japanese animation doesn't exist. Whenever you ask them what they think of Japanese animation, they mumble something about how Disney was the best. Well, that was FORTY YEARS AGO, MAN. Disney's dead and so are fairy tales. Remember THE BLACK CAULDRON? Whatever's left of Disney Studios has lost it, and Don Bluth is using Welsh animators. American animation. Yeah. Right.

Ah well, enough of that. Now for something we can all get into.

ANIMATION SLANG:

I don't know about you guys, but I am sick of the following phrases-- "Japanimation", "Japanime", or the bastard phrase "Japamation". Please. Using these phrases makes one sound like a Robotech junkie who just bought his first Macross model. The correct term is: "Japanese Animation", or "Anime". The other phrases are kind of like saying "Sci-Fi". Really gross slang. If we don't have dignity, what do we have? (I'll let you answer that, Kelli.) [KW: We have an amazing simulation.]

[Proof Veggie's Comments: But the question remains, what is Capt. Dave an amazing simulation of? mention the Eternal Question; is he live or is he Memorex?]



LIONS & DREAMS

-by Todadler

(Thus far: Having escaped Lotor's capture, Todadler researches into Voltron's past to try to find clues as to it's nature. Todadler also taunts Lotor in the twilight world of nightmares. It is decided that Princess Allura needs to learn to fly the Black Lion better, and Todadler prepares to train Allura.)

CHAPTER 6

I tells others of what I plan. Nanny object to her going out and just flying around. She say: "It's no way for a young girl to spend her time! Especially a princess!"

So start Nanny and I into one of our arguments. I fight with her constantly. To me she definition of old fogie. I respond: "Allura young girl not -- she woman. She old enough to make her own decisions. She decide to learn to fly Black Lion, she have every right to. You think only purpose of Princess to sit around and look pretty? She need to protect her people as well as govern them. Days when men do all 'dirty work' long over, Nanny. You live in past if you think Princess supposed to fight not."

Nanny: "Will you stop it! She's my responsibility, not yours."

I: "She member of Voltron Force, so she responsibility of Voltron commander. I fly Black Lion, so I leader, so she my charge. You lose her to Voltron long ago, Nanny. Time you face fact she her own person."

Nanny glare at me. She like my pulling rank not. "But she's not supposed to be running around in those Lions. She's supposed to be carrying out her duties as a royal princess."

I: "She carry out duties of Princess by protecting her people as pilot of Blue Lion. She think rulers need only govern? They need defend their subjects, too. Someday, perhaps Allura commander of Voltron Force, since she daughter of King Alfor, she need to know how to fly Black Lion."

Nanny furious. She say: "Just who do you think you are, telling me what the Princess is supposed to do?"

I give her: "Since when write nursemaid castle rules?"

Nanny really peed now. She glower at me, I growl at her. She say: "Don't you growl at me! When you are in the castle, you are supposed to use your best manners, and that means no growling."

I say: "I growl when I please, where I please, at whom I please. Nobody tell me what to do, or make me go against what I sense best for my friends."

Allura: "Please, please, you two! Stop fighting! Todadler's right, I should know how to fly the Black Lion. I need to be able to defend my people as well as lead them."

I say: "See? Allura know what best for her. She princess, you just commoner. She outrank you. Besides, she grown up now. You can order her around no longer, Nanny. It time for her to fly with own wings. Voltron's wings."

She travel to Black Lion, I fly to pedestal, join her in great craft. I tell her Nanny pain in tail. Allura agree, she say: "She's so sweet, but she can be terribly bossy. She still can't accept the fact that I'm not just a little girl anymore. You're right - it's time I stood up for myself. Nanny can't control me forever. I have to be my own person."

"You have great will, Allura, and you smart and wise. You make excellent queen when your time come. Someday, I know, you will fly Black Lion. Keith say it once, after first time you fly it."

"Yes, I remember that. I felt so ashamed afterward because I let them down. But they really came

out on my side in the end. They let me know I am a member of the team as much as any of them. I really felt good after that, as good as I've ever felt."

"Today you get plenty reason to feel good. You learn to fly Black Lion under best Lion pilot in Universe."

She sit in pilot's seat, I hang on behind her. She insert key, Lion come to life, we take off. I give her pointers as we practice maneuvers, shoot at targets, dodge missiles. I tell her of how I try to probe Voltron, how he block me - I say: "He have more, much more, to him than what your father put in him. Perhaps when I finally learn his secret, perhaps I will learn whence he come, how he come about in first place."

I tell her about my visions when I see her in Black Lion, say: "I know they visions of future."

Allura: "You can see into the future?"

I: "I see only trends. What I see what come not necessarily, but what current trends possibility bring about. All I see possibility, for future cut and dried not. Past fixed, but future uncertain - it web of possibilities. Each trend ramify into innumerable possibilities, each potential future. I perhaps see many such potential futures with you in Black Lion. But I see you as pilot of main Lion, as commander of Voltron Force."

Allura: "Can't you use your ability to see future trends to learn Voltron's secret?"

I: "No. He keep his secret well hidden. Nothing I can do will ferret it out. He have great power in him, if he keep his secret so well hidden. Especially with nagh-kaar riki after it!"

We practice until past noon, return to Castle for lunch. I expect Nanny to launch into me again, but she avoid me. She perhaps want me as adversary not. She really nice lady, I like her - but let subject of Allura come up, we fight like lions. She always lose. She not nearly as fast in head as I. Ordinary human against nagh-kaar riki like toy robot against Voltron. She like Allura in Voltron Force not, but Princess part of team. I often hit her soft spots, she resent it. On top of that, I have plenty chutzpah.

Keith tell me he appreciate my taking time to train Princess of fly Black Lion. He agree with me, perhaps someday she have need to fly main Lion, lead Voltron Force. I tell him sometime we ought to have dry Voltron run with her in Black Lion, though I know once before they do Voltron with Princess at helm. Keith says that good idea for next practice session. Nanny remain silent. I feel she want friendly terms with me.

Next day Allura and I fly more in Black Lion. While we out, Keith call us back to Castle. He tell us Planet Doom attack peaceful planet Kenos, ally of Arus. We decide to help them. I take Blue Lion key - time for Allura to fly Black Lion in combat. She do that before, but under me not.

We fly to Kenos, find large Doom force there. This planet, I learn on way, peaceful, quiet, backwards planet, not too far along spaceways from Arus. Perfect place for Zarkon to set up best raids on us. I have feeling they hide robeast there, too.

We arrive, we greeted by Doom fighters. Lions give them plenty trouble. I keep in telepathic contact with Allura, help her with Black Lion even while I pilot Blue Lion. I find learning controls on Blue Lion no problem, since I learn controls of Red and Black Lions so quickly. Each Lion different, but their controls basically same; Black Lion somewhat more complex.

We blow away Doom fighter ships, head for surface of Kenos. We search for Zarkon's base, find it soon. We prepare for big fight -- they want Lions on top of them not, when base finished not. Sure enough, along come Lotor's command ship and several squadrons of more powerful fighters.

I have plan. By telepathy tell I others. Lotor know not I in blue Lion, he always try to capture Allura alive. I get deliberately careless, perhaps, but not so he suspect something, so he can snag my Lion, think he have Princess, get nasty surprise, ha ha!

We fly at attack squadrons. As I fight I fly fairly close to Lotor's ship when I see opportunity, hoping he take advantage of my "carelessness". After battle continue for while, Lotor move in closer to base. We have less room to maneuver. I get "careless" once more. He take bait. I feel Blue Lion snared in traction beams. I hear Keith think/say: "He's taken the bait! Now everybody remember, we've got to pretend he really does have the Princess."

Lotor call on radio. "Don't get too close, or something nasty might happen to your Princess." I know, and they know, Lotor harm Allura never, deliberately, but we all string along. Other Lions retreat. I assume form of Allura while Blue Lion drawn into Lotor's ship. Not, Lotor, think I, you get girl - or, rather, ghou! - of your dreams, hee, hee!

Troops secure Lion in hanger. Lotor force me out. I get to my feet, act afraid. He confront me, come toward me slowly. I stand still. He say: "At last you are mine, Allura. At last I have you! And this time, you have no way out!"

## CHAPTER 7

I say: "You fiend! My friends will find a way to rescue me!"

Lotor: You fool! Your friends can't help you this time! Even that Todadler creature can't do anything!"

I say: "Do with me what you wish, but don't harm my friends. Or my people." I make my voice bit firmer: "I will serve you only as long as you treat my people well."

Lotor: "We'll see about that! When you are my queen, you won't care. You will have all the riches and power of the Universe at your feet. Whatever you desire, I will get for you."

I: "Except freedom."

Lotor: "Bah! You and your foolish sentiment! Someday you will realize that the only way to enjoy power is to get rid of your sentiment. My father didn't become King of Doom by being a goody-goody fop!"

I: "Someday, Lotor, I hope you will realize there is more to life than power, that there is more to me than my beauty! Someday you will regret not caring for your subjects as I do!"

Lotor: "Nonsense!" He almost in reach of me. I take step backwards. "You have nowhere to run, Allura! Your future lies with me!"

I put expression of pure horror on my face. He grab me, say: "Admit it, Allura - you are mine!"

I hiss: "You mega-fink!" in his face. He glower at me. "You dare insult the crown prince of Planet Doom? But you are too beautiful for me to harm. I will put up with your sharpest curses."

He make for to kiss me. I say: "Yessss. I dare insult crown prince of Planet Doom!" I reveal my true face. His eyes open wide in fear. Now hug I him! I claw his back as I assume Queen-of-Nightmares form. I hiss at him, lash his face with my eely tongue. "Lotor want kisses from Allura, no?" He try to struggle out of my grasp. "What matter with little Lotor - he like new girlfriend not? In my home Universe I Queen of Nightmares - perfect companion for Prince of Doom, yessss."

Lotor scream: "NO! Get away from me!" He twist out of my clutches. I take to air. Lotor try to flee from hangar, I pursue him. I swoop at him, with one swipe claw out his eyes. As I fly away, I hear him scream in agony: "That fiend! She has blinded me!"

I assume Stalker form, leap on top of Blue Lion. With eye lasers I burn away claws holding Lion's legs. I will hangar doors open, clamber into cockpit of Lion. Off go I, leaving blind and very pissed Lotor.

I rejoin my pals. I tell them of what I do. Now take care we of base. We swoop down, blast away at buildings, weapons, ships, structures. They fire missiles and lasers at us, we dodge them. We reduce base to rubble in short order. but Lotor, though he blind now, want last word, of course. Just as I suspect, he have robeast waiting in wings.

I call to others: "OK kiddies, time for main attraction! Allura, you in Black Lion, so you call shots!"

Her voice bark over radio: "Activate interlocks! Dynatherms connected! Infracells up! Megathrusters are go!" Together shout we: "Let's go Voltron Force!"

Up go we into sky. I feel power crackle out between Lions, through me and my Lion. I feel legs of Blue Lion retract. I feel power as before, except from different angle, since I in different Lion. I realize Blue Lion over years know five different pilots: first Sven, then Allura, Keith couple time, Lance once, me this time.

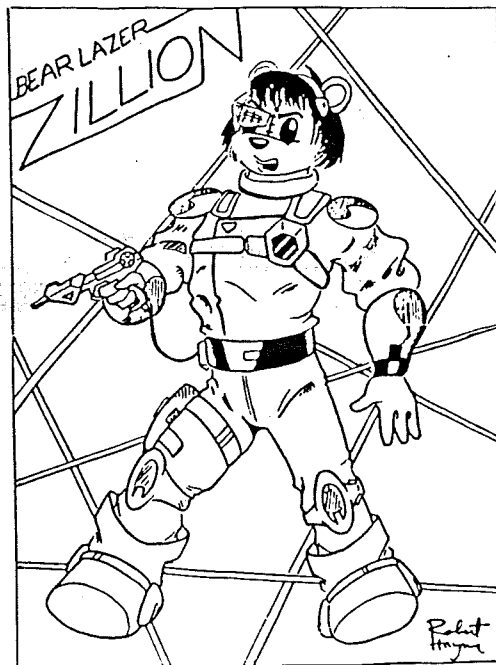
Allura's voice come again: "Form feet and legs!" I feel Blue Lion's body swing up as body become shin and head become foot. "Form arms and torso!" I sense Green and Red Lions joining Black Lion. Then blue and Yellow Lions link with Black Lion's rear legs. "And now I'll form the head!" Now we Voltron, with Allura to lead us!

Big robeast look like fat green gorilla with beady black eyes and yellow fangs. I sneer. You think you hot stuff, you overgrown monkey machine? To Voltron, you lunch!

Robeast greet Voltron with blast of fire. Phooey, I think, that just enough to give Voltron bath. We take heat, ha ha! It see Voltron affected not, it reach behind it, pull out two shafts. Shafts link, become long spear. Nasty looking spear. It charge Voltron, he jump.

Robeast confused. Nyah-nyah, say Voltron, think I as he land behind robeast. Then it turn and charge us. Allura say: "Grab that spear!" Voltron sidestep monster, seize spear with left hand. Good work, Pidge, tink I. Spear break in two. Now robeast real mad. It smack Voltron in side with its half of spear, knock him off balance. Hunk and I finally manage to help him get his footing again.

Robeast have another nasty surprise. It pull out two wicked curved swords. So sucker fight Florentine, think I. But Voltron's one sword beat your two any day.





King Kong robeast show off with swords. Voltron decide to show off with some of his own tricks. He hit is with astroblasters. Robeast respond with fireballs from mouth. Voltron like that not. Robeast charge us.

Allura call: "Form Blazing Sword!" Now we ready for real action! Voltron and robeast duel among ruins of Doom base. Blades flash, slash, clash. Two opponents score small hit on one another, but nothing big yet. It seems, for moment, they equally matched.

Then, suddenly, squad of Doom fighters attack! So they want to ice their cake, think I. Time to finish this scrap. Voltron make mighty leap over robeast. As it whirl, he leap again, come down to with overhead attack. Blazing Sword cut robeast in two. That finish it. Now handle we fighter craft. Between his eyebeams and lion torches, Voltron make hors d'oeuvres out of doomblasters in short order. Leaders' ships make their getaway. Chalk up one more to Voltron, Defender of Universe!

People of Kenos come out in throngs to cheer. I call to Allura: "Excellent job, Allura! Not just for Princess, for anyone! Now know I when your time come, you make superb pilot of Black Lion and leader of Voltron Force." Keith join with: "You were fantastic, Princess! But I don't want you flying the Black Lion anymore."

Allura: "Why not?"

Keith: "Because you might get to be a better pilot than I!" We all laugh.

Allura: "Well, I did have a little help -"

We climb down, meet Kenosians. Many of them shy away from me. I blame them not, I lovely thing not at all. Not in their eyes, not with head like shiny white cockpit of spaceship with glowing red eyes and

mouth full of sharky metal teeth, torso and arms in Darth Vader armor, legs, feet, wings and tail of great blue parrot with black metal skins.

Keith assure natives I friendly. He tell them of how I help Voltron, since Lance hurt and Sven missing. Some of them gather their courage, approach me, shake my hand. They thank my, I tell them I enjoy my task here in their Universe. More and more approach me now. I need plenty getting accustomed-to.

While Keith and others get to know Kenosians better, I decide to try and fathom Voltron again. This time have I plenty time, and Voltron all together. Perhaps now will I discover secret of his strange power.

I meditate on top of Voltron. I probe deep, open my mind wide. Still nothing. I probe deeper, expand my mind throughout his body. Still get I near enough not. Still block he me. Still get I only weak tastes of his power. Still what data I get enough not. I need more. I need to --need to distill his very essence, from that learn his secret.

Later return we to Arus, again triumphant. Keith tell me he tell Kenosians about me and my quest for Voltron's secret. They consider me weird, but they welcome my help.

I tell my companions of surprise I give Lotor. Hunk ask me: "How come you didn't kill the creep when you had a chance?"

I reply: "That up to..." I stand, cross arms over chest, thrust forth hands, making roaring noise. Pidge say: "Gee, I wonder who that is!" We laugh.

NEXT TIME: The Voltron Force finds an unexpected friend.

....TO BE CONTINUED



#### HELPFUL HINTS FOR NEW ANIMATION FANS -by David Merrill

Every day I see new anime fans make the same shameful and dangerous mistakes I made when I first became an animation fan, all those years ago. So, in order to help you become more erudite and sophisticated, here are some hings to make your anime life easier.

1. LUPIN III's name is pronounced "Lewpahn", not "Loopin".
2. ROBOTECH and/or MACROSS is not the be-all and end-all of Japanese Animation.
3. The phrase is "Japanese Animation", or if you must, "Japanimation", not "Japamation". Only veteran fans are permitted to call it "Nipvid" or "Slopetoons". (This is not meant as a slur)
4. SAINT SEIYA is awesome.

5. Yes, everyone knows that the Galaxy Express looks silly and that Battle of the Planets is stupid, so don't even mention it.
6. Remember, live ammunition and videotape just don't mix. [PVC: How the hell would you know?]
7. Please, don't label you tapes "Japanimation Tape #1". Label them with the names of the films or series contained within.
8. Don't even think of asking why they don't look Japanese.
9. No matter what anyone else says, Dr. Slump is good.
10. The same goes for Prince Planet. [Yeah, Dave? And Certron is the best vidtape available, isn't it? That's why it's got the nickname Shitron, right? Tell ya what, the best thing is Prince Planet on a Certron tape. -ed.]
11. Always send submissions to NOVA.
12. Never write up silly "Helpful Hints" lists.

## OUR STARBLAZERS

-by Julie Tharp

We stand on the bridge, passing time-  
Yet the moment is forever.  
It is strangely silent: joy and sorrow mix in solemnness  
But the emotions on every face speak louder than words.  
We all stand close, gazing at the ever-nearing sphere.

All: nervous, anxious, contented;  
In the face of today contemplate tomorrow's journey,  
Or wonder over yesterday's.  
Some cannot attend the moment at all  
In anticipation of future joy;  
While others cannot attend the moment,  
Lost in past pain.  
but somehow, oddly, between these a unity unfolds-  
Taking our attention from personal cares.

A lesson was promised. Now, nibbling at our hearts  
It draws us aside from ourselves  
And somehow brings us all;  
A bonded circle of humanity  
To stand on a bridge, close together,  
Enthralled by the vision of a story grown.

And what a story! And how it grew!  
From an ancient seabed;  
Element of water; conquered by fire-  
To element of starry vastness.  
Conquered all now: at the end of sorrow,  
In love's quenchless flame  
and the slow dawning of wisdom.  
In a maturation of purpose: a reason: a Quest.

Through ice and fire and everything in between;  
And every facet of mystery and power-  
Day and Night, Black and White  
The deathless story was spun-  
Or merely revealed?

All around us. Caught up.  
Safely held past friends, enemies, emotional excesses.  
Through wild clashes and quiet meetings-  
In sky. On land. Within great metal bellies.  
Within ourselves.  
All elements balanced; all forces commingled, unto-  
Now. The still place and time.  
The circle completed.  
At the end.

Of a deathless story.  
Standing close on the bridge,  
Somehow glimpsing another  
Not too far away  
We thank You for the  
SPACE CRUISER YAMATO.



## THE VOLTRON FILES

Part 1: The Voltron Mecha  
by E.S. Belcher

One of Japanime's mainstays is the giant/super-robot genre of SF anime serials. Starting in 1980 Japan's oldest animation studio, Toei, produced 2 of these series: One Hundredth King of Beasts, GO-LION and Armored Squadron Dairugger XV. These 2 shows didn't fare too well on Japanese TV (despite both shows running 52 episodes). But in 1984, St. Louis-based syndicator World events Productions picked up U.S. syndication rights to these two shows (and a 1979 giant robot entry, Future Robot Daltanias, which was not syndicated). They Americanized the series into a space epic of brave space explorers and their giant robots against evil space invaders and renamed it VOLTRON, Defender of the Universe. In this series of articles I'll examine the different elements of the series, beginning with the most identifiable of these the giant robots (or mecha, if you have a preference).

## LION FORCE VOLTRON (aka Go-Lion)

Vital Statistics: Height: 75 ft., Weight: approx 10 tons,

Background: Little is known about the origin of the lion force robot. When the forces of Zarkon first struck at planet Arus, Voltron as a single being fought them until being deceived by Haggar, who used a powerful spell to destroy it. Instead of destruction, it was separated into 5 robot lions. When the space explorers arrived on Arus, Princess Allura gave them four of the "keys" to activate the lion robots, but the fifth one was missing until at the Princess' urging, the castle's mice save the fifth key and the explorers form Voltron. Shortly after this, Sven, one of the explorers was injured - by Haggar, and was unable to pilot the Blue Lion. Allura took his place. Voltron is formed by the 5 lion robots united: Black lion piloted by Keith forms head and body; red lion by Lance (left arm); green lion by Pidge (right arm); blue lion by Allura (left leg & foot) and yellow lion by Hunk (right leg and foot).



Weapons Systems: Lion torches (fired from lions' mouths); stingray missiles (fired by feet); electro-force cross (released from cross emblem on chest); electro-sabre (launched from the shoulders) blazing sword (formed by energy-matter transformation from red and green lions).

#### VEHICLE TEAM VOLTRON (aka Dairugger XV)

Vital Statistics: Height: 75 ft., Weight: approx. 12 tons

Background: At approximately the same time as the lion force's fight against Zarkon, in order to solve the overwhelming population problems on Earth and in space, the Galaxy Alliance launches the space cruiser Explorer to search for Earth-like planets. Among the crew of the ship is another team of space explorers with a total of 15 vehicles that with the Arusian

secret can form the Vehicle Team robot. The 15 vehicles that form the robot are split into 3 sub-units (the land, sea and air teams). They can also form 3 exploration craft (the Strato-Fighter, Turbo-Terrain Fighter, and the Aqua-Fighter).

Weapons Systems: Laser-whip (cord of unbreakable material), electro-thermo blast (energy blast fired from all of the ships), solar-combat spears (energy-force launched from robot's legs), blazing sword (formed by the spinning laser blades).

Notes: Even though the original Japanese continuity was mostly deleted by editing, due mainly to the Go-lion/Dairugger team-up (Fleet of Doom) both Voltron series' probably took place at the same time, compared to the succeeding-generations timeline devised for Robotech.

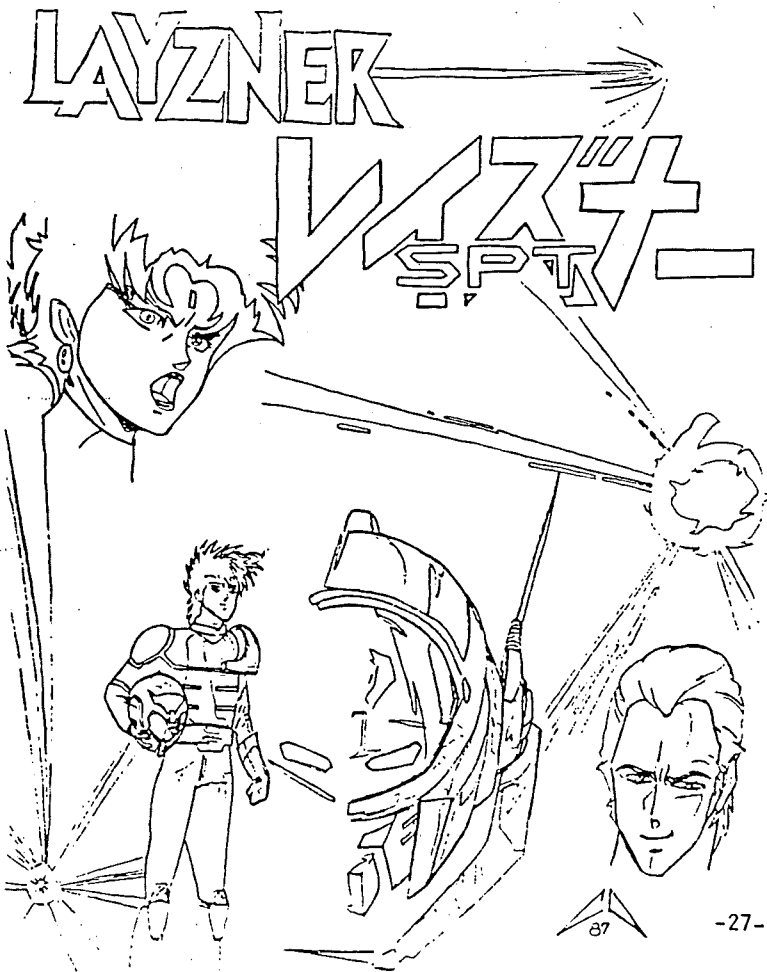
#### VOLTRON TRIVIA QUIZ

-by E.S. Belcher

Here I am, the EDC's answer to Alex Trebek (though I give the opposite of what he does). Anyway, as a companion article to the Voltron Files entry, here's another trivia quiz, this time devoted to Voltron and the Japanime that was the basis for it. (Answers are listed elsewhere in this zine).

1. In what Kingdom on Arus is the Castle of Lions located?
2. Who is Allura's sister and a princess herself?
3. Who (besides Keith) has flown the black lion?
4. What's the name of Lotor's lieutenant in the American-made episodes?
5. What scientist lives on the sand planet?
6. What's the other meaning of the word "Go" in the title of "Go-Lion"?

7. What is the Japanese name of Zarkon on the show?
8. What lions form first in the Voltron formation?
9. Which of the following animals is NOT mechanized as a ro-beast? a.elephant b.cobra c.crab d.bee e.mouse
10. True or False: One of the Drule's commanders was named Druilla.
11. What's the Japanese name for air team leader Jeff?
12. What scientist worked on the vehicle team robot?
13. What series followed the run of Dairugger XV on Japanese TV?
14. In the original last episode, what happened to Hazar?
15. Which of the voice actors on the series is better known as the voice of a popular robot on another series?
16. Where is the Alliance Power Base located?
17. What do Princess Allura and the super-hero Firestar have in common?



HAZY SHADE OF WINTER

\*with apologies to a certain rock group\*  
-by Chris Todd

Cold...so cold...

Digital tracers danced a joyous dance of exaltation down superconducting corridors of ice. She ran down these cybernetic halls of snow... fleeing...looking...somewhere, it had to be there... where was it?

Sweet, bitter memory. It was lost! She had nothing without it! Where was it? Blizzards of data...their crystalline knives bit her and chewed her, but she didn't care...oh it was cold, so cold without emotion, or memory...

A vision in the sleet. Gleaming, smooth, was that it?

Taloned hands flashed in front of her face, a gleaming body of naked steel and unfeeling wires. Studs and points of cruel ice coated it, but it was oblivious. The unmoveable hardness of its mouth... twisted, a demented grin at a huge practical joke of its own devising

"Look," it screamed, "look at the mockery of your memory!". It spread out one arm with careless grace. "Look what you've wrought and worship it!". It twittered in mad glee.

She looked out at a barren waste...white...so blank and white. Snow, a few dead trees and nothing else.

She screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed until her voice cracked and her tears froze in her eyes...

"Look upon what you have done to yourself AND WORSHIP IT!". Its insane mechanical laughing echoed across the desolation, hung in the air, and shattered into a cold harsh wind.

She knelt on the ground and sobbed.

Cold, it was oh so cold...

\*\*\*

Eve awoke from her nightmare to the thing most dreaded by any sleeper. It was not a nightmare.

\*\*\*

Memorymemorymemory dammit whereis it where is it where where is my MEMORYYYY!

She found it, right where she had left it. Eve had two things that reassured her. She dreamed, even

if all her phantasmagorical visions were nightmares, at least she dreamed. Humans dreamed also. Maybe that meant that she was still...human. Many people told her she was something more, but the feeling nagged that she was in fact, something less.

And the other thing, ahh, the other thing that reassured her was memory...

\*\*\*

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I apologize for the short length of the story, but it is not so much a complete tale as an introduction. I have crafted a universe which predates Megazone 23, and I invite other fans to utilize it in whatever capacity they see fit. In other words, I am hoping to create a "shared universe" type of story with a common plot thread and characters, but with individual stories written by many separate and different authors. I myself am hoping to further expand on this tale in future stories, and I invite you to, also. Without further adieu, here is my restructured history...

The nuclear war which devastated the Earth generations before Megazone 23 was brought about by the warring factions of planet Earth only indirectly, the real enemy being a much more insidious one. The Earth had been invaded by the Gorig, and the nuclear inferno was a last ditch and ill-advised attempt to sterilize the world of their infestation. Through this war torn landscape is threaded the saga of Eve Tokimatsuri, a leading singer and personality on the Voice of Freedom radio station. Eve's broadcasts provided a source of inspiration and comfort, just as such personalities have in the many wars before and since. A dying world in social, political, and economic turmoil made the human menace as deadly for Eve as the Gorig one. Eventually Eve was transplanted into the Mahamuto computer system with which we are familiar, but that was only one facet of her story...

I have further ideas and plans, but I hope this brief sketch will get some people's minds turning as to possible stories. There are many, many more plots and characters which can be introduced in this world. Major events and characters should remain consistent, but other than that, let your imagination roam. If I find significant amount of interest in this concept of the shared universe in Nova, I will try to piece together a more detailed timeline. Till then, I appreciate the good reader's (and editor's!) patience...Sayonara.

SYNOPSIS

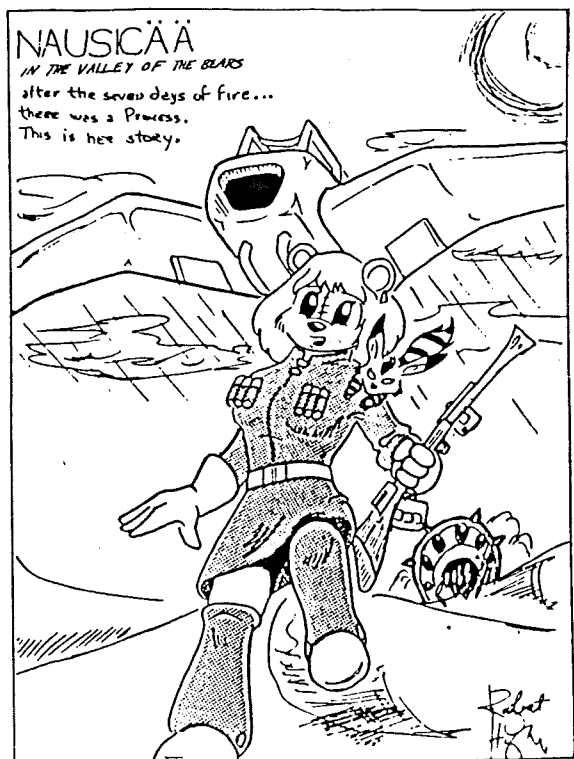
NAUSICAA IN THE VALLEY OF WIND

Reprinted Exclusively for:

Books Nippan Animation Fan Club • Bill Grove & B.N.A.F.C. 1984

It is far in the future. The great industrial civilization of mankind is cast in ruin. After seven wars and an eon of wanton destruction, the poisoned Earth enters a new age.

The surviving population has formed a group of city-states, some of which strive for military supremacy in this, the Ceramic Age. The single most powerful of these is the Kingdom of Dormecia. The great walled city is ruled by a cold and ruthless queen, whose only thought is to subjugate the remaining peoples of the Earth. She has used the technology of her subjects to rebuild the remnants of the former Military - Industrial Age. Dormecia has raised an army, and "The Great Holy Warriors" await orders to sweep across the desolate land, now dominated only by "The Great Bugs" whose ordered society knows only the barren desert between the places of men.



Far distant, on the shores of a great Inland Sea, which is free of the pollution which has poisoned the other waters, lays the beautiful Valley of Wind. Protected by the winds which flow from the sea, the lush, green sunswept valley knows but peace. It is here that a tiny kingdom of five hundred survivors of the last war have built an advanced society dedicated to reclaiming and restoring the Earth. They too have rebuilt the technology of the former age, but have turned it to peaceful uses.

This is the domain of the beloved princess NAUSICAA, daughter of the leader of the group of soldiers who had settled in this Valley a generation ago. This brave, pure hearted girl of sixteen will hold the fate of mankind in her hands... while she knows all too well the sting of battle, as her people know the need to defend themselves, Her Highness holds in her soul a deep love for all the people and animals. She will seek to understand even those "Great Bugs" whom she believes to be peaceful and intelligent given the chance. It is they who hold the strange key to her own destiny, permitting the princess to understand the Legend of the Wind, which speaks to the power of the Golden Light.

But the evil queen covets the serene Valley, and would take it by treachery and force of arms. Because the princess has pledged to help the rightful heir to the throne of Dormecia, she is drawn away, and while seeking peace, her kingdom is occupied, and she is taken prisoner... She escapes with the help of the prince, AASVER, who will fight any odds to free his people and exact vengeance for the murder of his twin sister, betrayed by the militant "Queen" who has usurped the throne.

During the flight back to the Valley, Nausicaä rescues one of the young bugs from the forces of the army which attacks the Valley, and is badly wounded. The Queen of the Bugs, having herself saved by Nausicaä's kindness, brings her people to the aid of the Valley army. The foe is routed, but the princess lays near death!! The "Bugs" so long misunderstood, unite, and raising the girl who knew not fear or hatred, but only love, into a shimmering Golden Light that they themselves generate.

Before the eyes of her people, their Nausicaä is restored to life, and a vision foretold in the Legend of Wind unfolds, saying that the Legend is now fulfilled. The Valley People have seen the light they need to save the world... The light of love.

## ARTICLE

### I NEEDED "I LOVE YOU" SO

-by Perth

Throughout all forms of storytelling, of what is regarded as fact or fantasy, there exists the classic interplay of hero and heroine, and that interplay is often in the form of a relationship based on friendship and love. There are differing traditions regarding this in the Orient from the Occident, but in Japanese animation there exists an interesting cultural overlap between these Eastern and Western traditions. For instance, there is a Western tradition of hero and heroine defeating their nemesis and living happily ever after (an example of this is "Sleeping Beauty"). In Japan, however, the nemesis may win momentarily by killing either the hero or heroine. Sorrow, vengeance, and the overall need to satisfy honor will be the result.

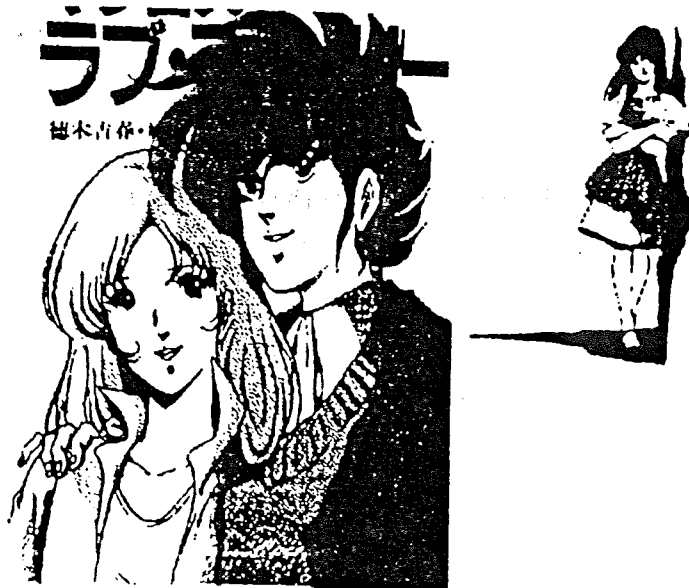
For example, MACROSS' Hikaru and Misa are a prime example of the Western tradition of love in anime storytelling. They are far from the "perfect couple", with their problems (primarily Minmay running interference between them). Hikaru and Misa have to contend with Minmay, the war, their own failings, the civilian refugees, and the U.N. SPACY government. It is a wonder that they can find time to love each other, but when all of the fighting is done, there they are, standing close in each other's arms, speaking of rebuilding their world from the ashes of the Zentraedi holocaust. A memorial to love's power, of the two become one, yet still two.

The "nemesis" for Hikaru and Misa in their relationship is obviously Minmay. Granted, at the outset, both Hikaru and Minmay are alike -- shallow, foolish, and halfway infatuated; but Misa is also living in a dead relationship, long past. All are lonely (though not necessarily alone) in their own ways, and it takes a gathering of these players to set the mecha of love in motion. Heart-on-his-sleeve Hikaru offers his love to Minmay, and is brushed off. The he and Misa begin to notice each other, and there is a mutual attraction (although wants to admit it, for the failure of their past romances have forced the building of walls). Minmay starts wising up, and develops a case of "What does every woman want? What another woman's got." and starts chasing Hikaru. Hikaru, like a fool, leaves Misa for a time to be with Minmay, but realizes his stupidity in the end. So, what is the point? How are Hikaru and Misa able to overcome their human-ness, their failings, to

build a (hopefully) stable relationship? Is it that elusive creature, love?

In MY YOUTH IN ARCADIA, young Captain Harlock and his love Maya (not the little girl from the series translated by ZIV) resemble standard Eastern characters in substance (if not in form). They dream of "playing together" (i.e. "being together"), as they once did, in the beautiful green glens of Arcadia (Earth), but their planet has been conquered by the Illumidas, and they must fight for both survival, and for the survival of humanity. There is little doubt that the saddest point in MY YOUTH IN ARCADIA is when Harlock returns to Earth for his love, only to have her die in his arms at the hands of the enemy.

But even where one person's old love may die, a new one for others may begin. Although Harlock's quest for vengeance and a free Earth was not curbed after the events taking place in MY YOUTH IN ARCADIA, his friends Tochihiro and Emeraldus found time amongst the fighting to fall in love (in ENDLESS ROAD SSX). The result was the small child Maiu (in SPACE PIRATE CAPTAIN HARLOCK) who grew up an orphan because of her parents' sacrifice (as in Tochihiro's death in GALAXY EXPRESS 999). If one were to ask Reiji Matsumoto's characters of their ideas on what love is, perhaps they would say "Sacrifice" more than anything else. And perhaps it is this element of sacrifice, which is foreign to most Western tales of romantic love, which makes Japanese animation such as this so very potent



and in some odd ways, very realistic.

And exactly what is this "romantic love"? Is it an ever pervasive idea, or nearly an unreachable ideal? Perhaps Shogo said it best in MEGAZONE 23 II, when he spoke to EVE about his feelings for Yui: "I know that Yui is more important to me than anything or anyone else in the world. I've never thought about the future, but I know that I want Yui to be there to share it with...Yui is everything to me, and...I hope to God that she feels the same." EVE asks him about sharing his life with Yui; what and how would they share? "Well, myself first of all. And herself. I mean ourselves. Getting to know who the other person really is. I mean letting the other person inside -- allowing them to see the good and the bad, the stuff you're proud of, and the mistakes you wish you hadn't made. How you feel, and think, and...well, everything."

So love is working through the hard times, enjoying the good times, listening and speaking, being together, and being willing to sacrifice everything -- a sharing of past, present, and future. It may not be easy, or quickly done, but then most of the worthwhile things in life are seldom easily attained. But a larger question than the "what" of love may still remain: the "why". In worlds where survival is the main rule of the game of life, why should two people care so much for each other? Is it simply a mixture of the need for physical pleasure and procreation, or is it something else? Perhaps a need for...completion?

Thou art soul  
And I am shall --  
Two become one;  
Life will tell.

Thou are body  
And I am soul --  
Two become one;  
We become whole.

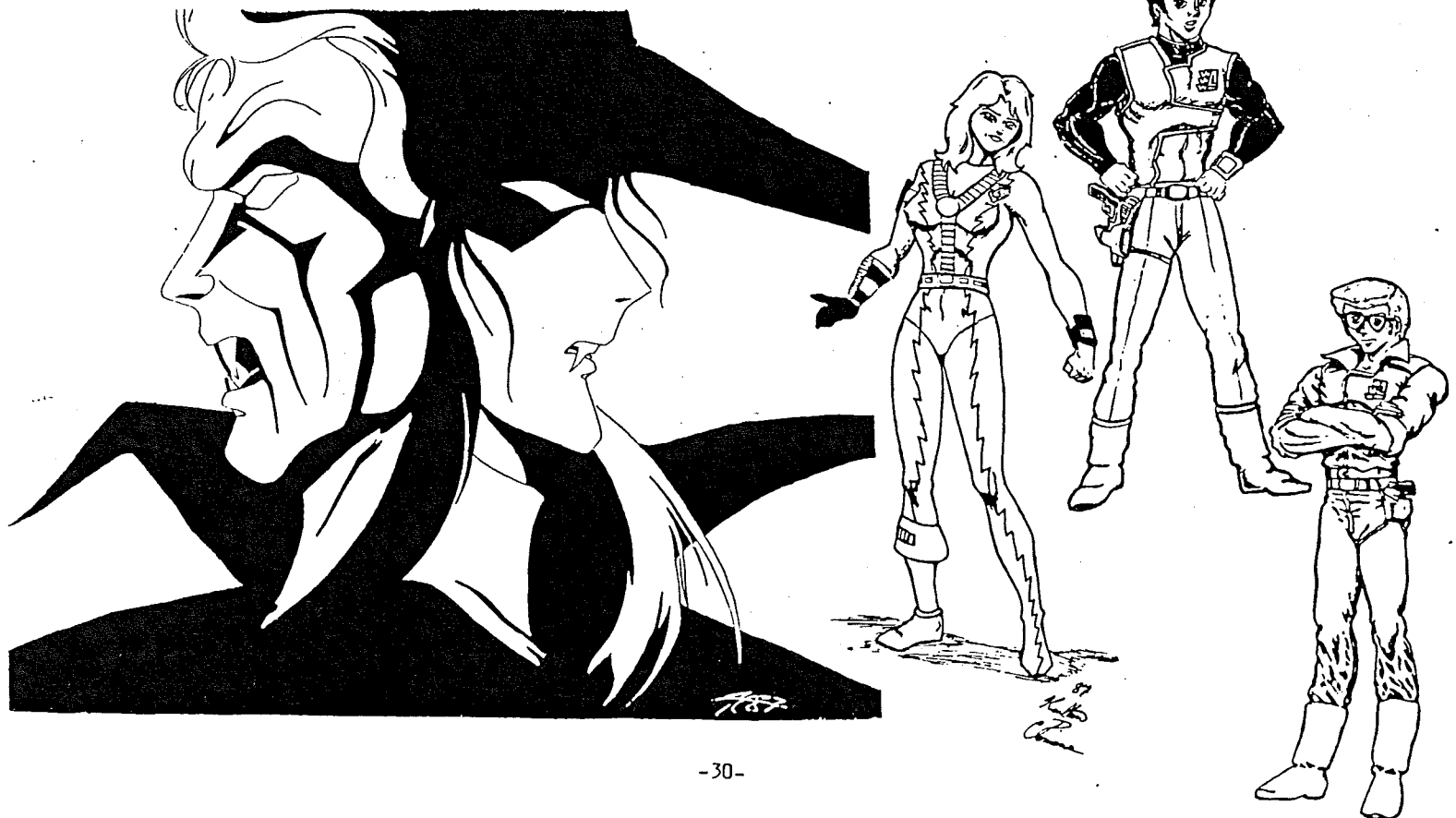
This need for completion permeates all forms of storytelling from MACROSS to the American comic book

ELFQUEST to the Japanese legend of O-Tei and her betrothed. This instinct for combined love and wholeness goes far deeper than Darwinistic "animal instinct"...but then, hawks and wolves mate for life. In AREA 88, the relationship between Shin and Ryoko lends to this thought; Shin's nemesis, Kanzaki, seeks to drive a wall of doubt and distance between Shin and Ryoko, but Ryoko flattens him: "I think for women, happiness is having a man you can trust from the bottom of your heart, and I trust Shin implicitly."

It is this drive for completion which creates inside all of us an instinctive need to love and to be love, a drive initiating perhaps within the soul, growing through the heart and mind, and reflected in the physical touch. But it is a need to love and be loved by one particular person...the question is, how to recognize the other. The answer is both simple and complex at once. People may feel that they have known each other literally forever even though they have just met. On the other hand, they may have grown up together and become "as one" in that way. Sometimes, however, one person out of the couple will refuse to recognize their "lifemate" or "soulmate" in preference for the convenient (but less completing) love of their "lovemate".

A case in point of this is URUSEI YATSURA, that completely comic and insane commentary on life and all of life's weirdness. At the outset, Lum appears to be the nemesis between Ataru and Shinobu. But like Minmay and Hikaru, the attraction between Ataru and Shinobu is one of shallow physicality. And although Ataru is a lecher (and somewhat stupid), he finally comes to recognize Lum as his true love (in URUSEI YATSURA IV: LUM THE FOREVER). Lum did not recognize Ataru as her soulmate at the outset, either, but began to soon after meeting him (and losing the race).

In conclusion, we can see love comes in many different "plot devices" that are basically the same, despite outward appearances. Not unlike people, actually. Love IS. Just ask yourself this age old question when beginning a new relationship or continuing an old one: DO YOU REMEMBER LOVE?



THE NEW DIRTY PAIR - Pt. 1

-by Lynn Hayes

It was almost a normal day for the WWWA building - with one minor exception. That exception was the beginning of their new training program and training center.

"Kei!!" exclaimed a rather frantic Yuri.

"What has Mughi done now?" inquired Kei.

"Not Mughi...Look at all those uuhhh...recruits! There must be at least a hundred of them and some just out of high school!!!"

"Yuri, I think our jobs just might be at stake. Don't you?"

The Dirty Pair looked at each other. "Nahhh" they both shook their heads. "Well, at least let's go take a looksee."

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, downstairs the elimination tests begin. Hours later...a tall man called out the following names:

Kyrsti Kytokisuri  
Krys Maturiko  
Key Katanaka  
Allynn Shoturi  
Nagisa Morita  
Sepia Kimosutiko  
Kumido Matsumiko  
Kobalt Komishoturi

"Would you eight girls please step forward," he continued, "I am going to put you into pairs for further testing. The next three tests will determine the second Lovely Angel team. These tests require speed, accuracy, agility, and cunning; however, most of all, they require your full cooperation with your future partner. Okay now...Kytokisuri and Maturiko please stand on the blue square. Katanaka and Kimosutiko the green; Morita and Matsumiko on yellow; Shoturi, Komishoturi on purple. Good luck to all of you, and remember, these tests will also determine how well you girls will get along when working under stress."

A dark haired girl with very light skin (appearing somewhat like a China doll) walked into the training center where the recruits were gathered. By her side stood a tall toothpick of a red-head. They are both in the famous WWWA Lovely Angel regulation uniforms. Six of the eight remaining girls flocked around the two screaming... KKeeeiii! ... Yyuuurrii!!!" On the opposite side of the center remained two trainees--a blond haired, blue-eyed girl with much the same measurements of Lovely Angel Kei, and her designated partner, a soft pink-haired girl with violet eyes.

"Krys," said the pink haired girl, "don't you feel sorry for Kei and Yuri?"

"Yes I do, Kyrsti. Could you imagine that someday we might have to put up with that sort of thing," replied Krys.

"I hope not," Kyrsti responded.

There was a loud squeal over the PA system.

"Excuse me," it was the 3WA administrator, "but you girls will need to report back here at 0900 hundred hours on Saturday, Deco the 7th. Kei and Yuri will assign rooms to you and your partners. Please remember that you'll be living in these rooms and on these premises for the next month of your testing and training."

Fifteen minutes later, Krys Maturiko and Kyrsti Kytokisuri were assigned to their room, number 999. "It is located at the far end of the hall on the ninth floor," states Kei. Krys and Kyrsti head off to the elevator."

"Waaaaiittt a minute, girls!" yelled Yuri.

"Huh? What did we do?" replied Krys and Kyrsti in unison.

"Nothing." Kei and Yuri looked at each other and turned to the partners, "Good luck!"

The partners looked at Kei and Yuri, puzzled. "Arrigato, Kei-san and Yuri-san." with that they started walking towards the elevator again.

After waiting for the elevator for which seemed like an eternity, they walked into the tiny box. A tall dark-haired man joined them. Kyrsti's eyes suddenly popped wide open as she realized who the man was. She leaned over to Krys and whispered, "IT'S, it's it's...."

"Get control fo yourself Kyrsti. I know who he is, he's Carson D. Carson."

The elevator stopped on the ninth floor of the 3WA building. Krys and Kyrsti stepped out; the elevator doors shutting quickly behind them. Kyrsti looked at her new friend. "I've got a funny feeling about this!"

"Ah..yeah..right..I..uh..figured that. Now, let's go find our cell...I..uh..mean our room. 999, right?"

"Hai," replied Kyrsti.

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile...the real Dirty Pair walked into their boss' office.

"Listen here," Kei demanded, "would you tell us exactly what nonsense is going on here, Gooley?"

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

"All those teeny-boppers downstairs, BAKA!" screamed Kei.

"Yeah!" agreed Yuri. "We won't just let them take over our jobs. We won't stand for it! We'll..."

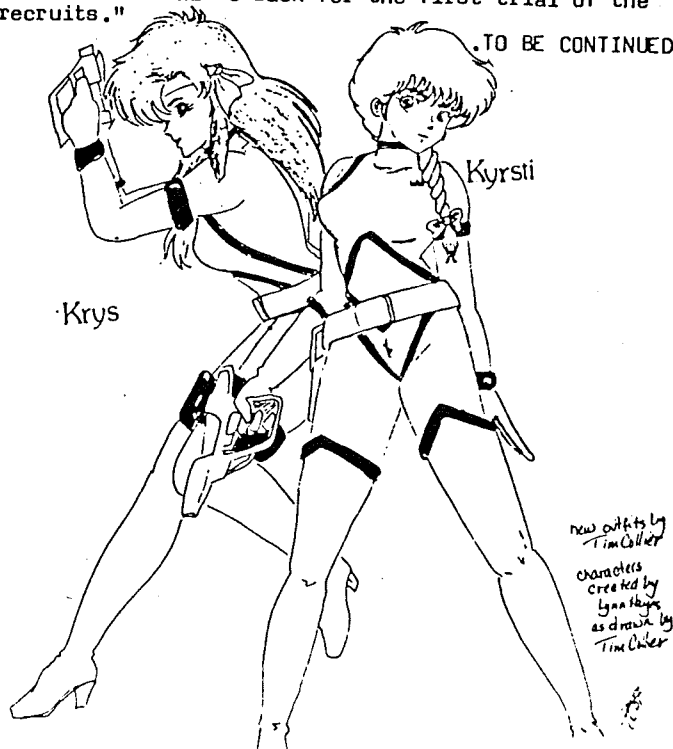
"Quiet Yuri...Neither one of you is being replaced. We are just in need of a secondary team. You two can't handle all of the specialty cases."

"Are you saying that we are too old!?" interjected Kei.

"NO!! I'm just saying that we have too many cases. Let me explain. If you and Yuri were to handle every specialty case that came into our office; that would mean you would have to handle five cases every week--with no time for your social life! Now the matter is settled. These recruits will go through more training and testing than you two ever did. And the team that makes the most points with the least amount of damage to any and all property will be the Lovely Angel Secondary Team. Now, I believe you have some things to take care of on that backwards planet..."

"Hai. We'll be back for the first trial of the recruits."

.TO BE CONTINUED



# TRANSLATIONS

## SOUTHERN CROSS III Original Drama Memôire -by Davey Jones & Aaron Reed

(originally appeared in Anime No Shimbun #3, C/FO-CVA newsletter, edited by Roy Bruce)

(Editor's note: This is a translation of the book "Jeanne's Diary" from the BGM Southern Cross III, with songs translated from the first and third Southern Cross LP's. It take place roughly between episodes 12 and 24, and is rough because it is a translation of a diary.)

### JEANNE'S DIARY

May 3 - Lana did it in spite of herself. She declared an attack, and during it Marie "fell in love at first sight". Who am I kidding? I found myself at wit's end saying "I like my boyfriend so much". The truth is, he's such a dreamboat. Now how can I live like that, oh...!

June 10 - Something's wrong. Since May 3, Marie has made a fool of herself, and Lana asked for every detail.. Marie was seemingly troubled by this... Seifrietti, my dreamboat, saw me...You..absolutely, really didn't think you would remain..the only man I yearned for..The only one...

July 2 - Hey, Seifrietti..Why did I have a vision of you? If I knew you..I'm the happy Jeanne I've always been..It's terrible--Now, you won't enter my heart.. Jeanne don't make yourself cry...I'm so lonely.

August 20 - So then...Perhaps something particular is troubling me...Being in love bothers me, and trying to avoid it makes me feel strange. Riding in Ohlorah, the sky flew past me. He entered here. Seifrietti, it's just the beginning. Go for it! When you entered the space corps, you looked at me...But we are so far from each other...

November 1 - Where will you go Jeanne? Can't go into the streets, not even into my lonely room, the dark forest, the park, nobody can take me anywhere. No one will greet or welcome me.

December 4 - I'm so happy!...What am I saying? ...It can't be..I'm not sad...that's a lie. But today was the last party. It was a night well suited for a cheerful domino..Hey, Seifrietti! I've gotten a trimmer waistline. And chic winecolored pink slippers...tonight is the best night of my entire life, and will be until I say to you...adieu...

December 27 - Ah? Bonsôir, Homara. Lonely, ne c'est pas? Say, Homara, can I teach you something? "Au revôir" is a prophecy of coming together, and someday, and an always cherished present. Seifrietti promised to come back to me someday...Such a gentle word---

August 5 - A promise...What's that gesture with the fingers? Eh? What's Lana doing here? And Jeanne?! A charm..to the palm of the right hand--eh? So, Seifrietti...

September 25 - A rest day...My "jewelry box" awaits the days of spring.

Closing - Goodnight. My white room. Goodbye for the beautiful day of the present.

### SYNOPSIS

#### MEET ELF -by Lynn Hayes

You say you don't like elves? Does the mere thought of Wendy Pini's ElfQuest make your stomach turn? Is that "blonde babe from that dimension who likes wearing her undies on the outside"\* a bit too feisty for you?

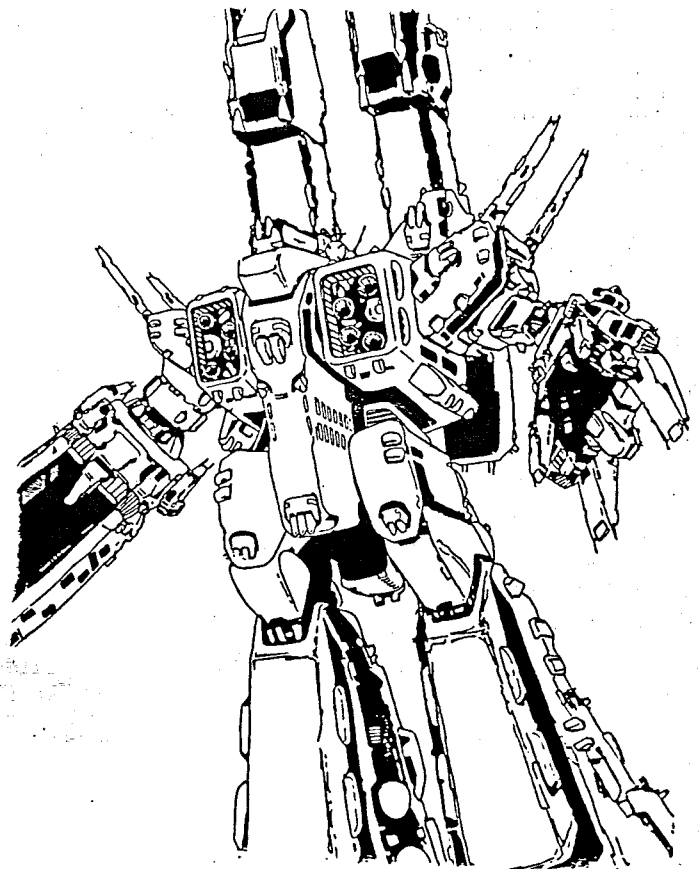
If you said yes to any and/or all of the above questions, then take a look at the new elf on the block - Elf 17. She's cute. She's daring. She's

## SONG TRANSLATION "My White Room"

A memory beginning to be forgotten  
Once, Twice in the corner of my heart;  
My white room is a jewelry box--  
A lonely dream

Au revôir, my first love  
A dreamy time gone away  
Brushing past my hand,  
A tepid memôire

In my midnight room alone .  
An old memory pulling at me  
That day in a dream you lifted off  
Only you...  
Bon Voyage twice, far away Summer days  
Now are the boyages' memories  
To the bright days  
A galaxy colored lullabye.



naïve. She's as charming as C-ko; as strong as A-ko; and as stubborn as B-ko.

And guess what? She runs around with a mecha maniac, the supreme ruler of the universe, and a potato head person that wears sunglasses (a.k.a. the galactic cabbie!) Guess what else? She's got blonde hair and red eyes, just like that other famous elf-type person we all know and love (or despise, depending on which side you're on).

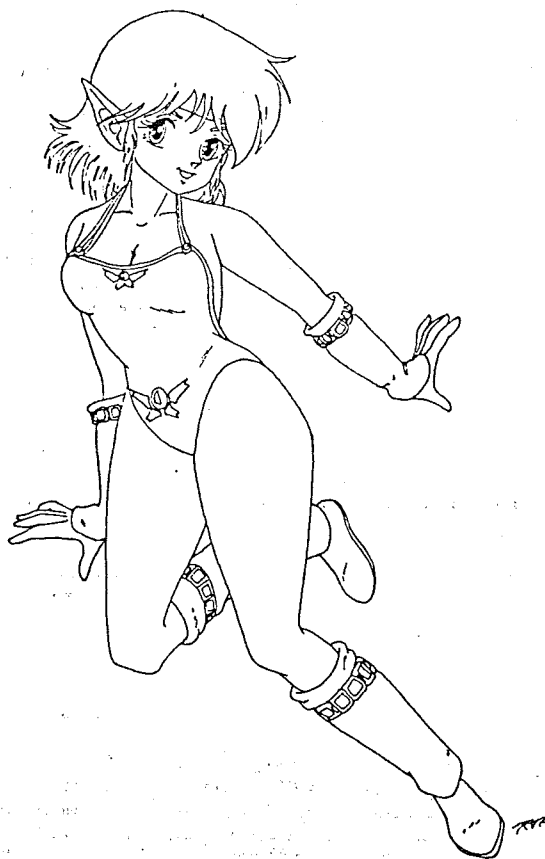
I can't really explain anything about the plot of Elf 17, if indeed, there is one. I found it as confusing as Dirty Pair: Affair of Nolandia the first

time I watched it. I didn't get much more info from watching it a second time, either, but it still made me laugh. Elf 17 isn't for everybody. If you like the lighter, funnier side of Japanime, then you'll probably enjoy it as I did. However, if you are one of those hack'n'slash Hokuto No Ken freaks, then well, you might not like it, primarily because Elf 17 just isn't that violent.

In my opinion, it's two thumbs up! By the way, Elf 17 Part 2 is out there somewhere, or shall we call it Elf 18, or Elf 19? If anyone knows where I can find it, PLEASE LET ME KNOW!

Please note: This article could not have been written without the help of Tim Collier, Steve Marshall, and Chris Todd. Thanks, guys!!!

(\* Rich Arnold's classic description of Iczer-One)



Overheard in a post-Robotech motorcycle shop:

You want to buy a what?

A Cyclone. I hear they still have a few here still in the crates.

Well, yes, but the fuel is pretty expensive. Protoculture is rare still until they get those matrixes from the SDF-3 working. And that's a military bike, buddy, what in hell are you going to use it for? You want to ride, I got a good deal on a near-mint Harley.

I want a Cyclone.

Oh, all right.

And ride armor.

Look, the only reason for wanting this stuff is to use the Battloid features. There ain't no Invid no more, and there ain't no bandits in these parts. So what d'you want this stuff for?

Because my wife--

(from outside) Rand? Where are you?

--and I have a sixteen year old daughter--or she will be on her birthday next week--

...and I'm tired of her begging to borrow mine.

\*\*\*\*\*

## CONVERSATIONS -by Robert Haynie

Overheard on day on the SDF-1:

So this guy's lost six--count'em, six--Veritechs, been in almost as many battles as Fokker, lost twelve planes during the Civil War and thirty before that--and he's still flying. Hardly ever even been hurt. Damndest thing I ever saw.

Sure.

No, it's true! I seen his records. He's been shot down more times than anyone I ever heard of. The only reason they keep him on the force is his kill ratio...which is good.

Six times.

Truth.

Hard to credit.

Here he comes himself. Ask him.

Yo, Baker. Scott tells me you been shot down--Yup.

How come you ain't dead?

Tricks I learned before the war. Keeps me alive. Knowing when to bail out.

Bail out? But the ejectors on these Veritechs screw up all the time. You know they ain't worth beans--they're the only thing on these planes that don't work.

I adjust my own to the way we used to do them. Adjust it right and you can escape almost anything.

Hmm...think you can show me how--I mean just in case I ever need it?

It's easy. Before the Civil War both we and our opponents had it down pat.

Oh, I always wondered...who were you with before the war?

G.I. Joe.

[PVC: We G.I. Joe fans find this slanderous. Unfortunately, it's accurate.]

\*\*\*\*\*

Overheard one day on the landing strip at Area 88:

Pity about Shin.

What happened?

Aw, you know that stunt he pulled? Bought a WWI prop plane and flew it into combat. Figured that he'd freak out any enemy who saw it and get a clean shot.

I heard it worked.

Yea. Who expects a Fokker D III to be carrying AP shells and Sidewinders?

So what happened, already?

Ah, he's about 100,000 to buying out of this place when his plane breaks down and that bastard Mickey charges him a million for the replacement parts.

A MILLION? What for?

The rubber band broke.



\*\*\*\*\*

Overheard at Tomobiki High School:

Lum did it again?

Shocking.

\*\*\*\*\*

Overheard on board the Argo:

Christ, I'm bored.

What for?

Look, on the way here we had to fight every inch of the way. Death, destruction, we must have lost the third bridge at least five times.

And?

And now I'm so bored I could scream. Nothing happening. Nothing at all. Just one stupid bloody damn warp after another.

Yea. Pretty dull alright. I'm not complaining so much. I'm a pilot. You're an engineer.

Still...

Um-hmm. It is dullish. I guess it's time for my last resort plan...

You mean?

Yeah...break out my Jonny Quest tapes.

Don't be silly. No adult in his right mind is going to watch cartoons.

\*\*\*\*\*

## SONG TRANSLATION

### ZETA GUNDAM (Main Theme)

translated by Henry Jerng from  
"1986 Sing Song Collection" which came  
with the August, 1986 issue of Animage

With all one's love for starry reflections of water

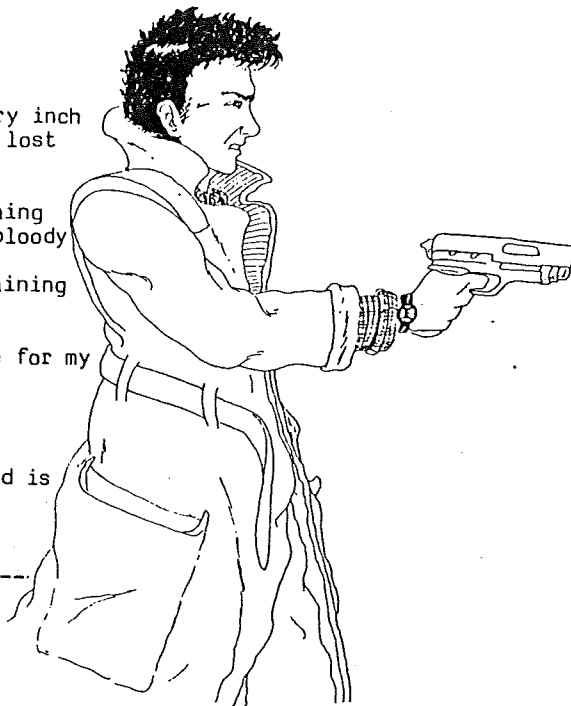
Kissing softly on the starry reflections of water  
which blueely sleep, the people who light the fire  
of life.

The golden wave which we call time  
is a sigh which was born on the edge of a universe.

The gentle stars which are buried within our heart  
agree to call up the flames  
to cause shipwrecks which drift between waves.

Yet, don't cry.

Because now there are people looking for you  
who you wanted to meet with before.



Mizu no hoshi ni ai o komete

Aoku nemuru mizu no hoshi ni sotto  
kuchizuke shitee inochi no hi o  
tomosu hito yo

Toki to iu kin i no sazanami wa  
oozora no kichibiru ni umareta kameiki ne

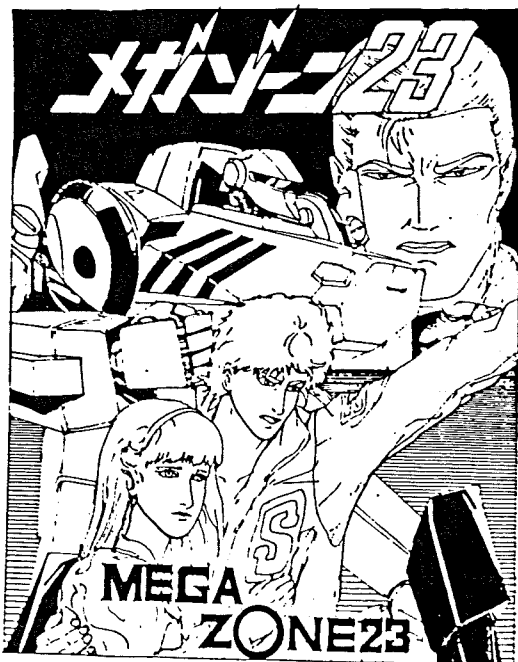
Kokoro ni uzumoreta yasashisa no hoshitachi ga  
honoo age yobi au  
namima sasurau nanposen no yoo ni

Moo nakanaide

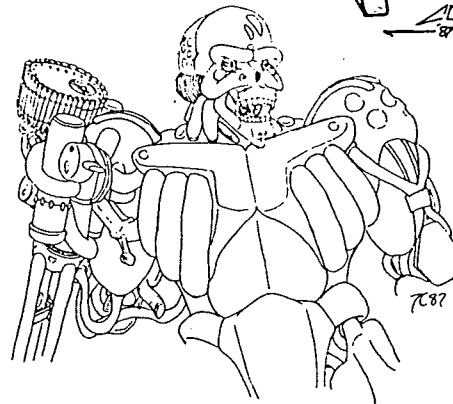
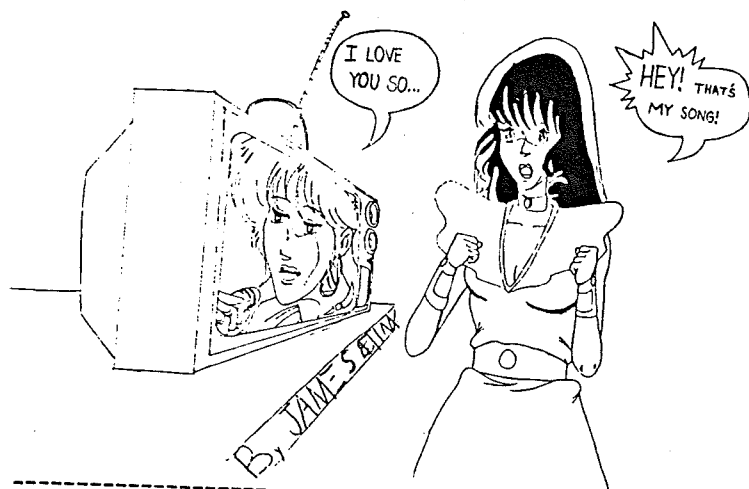
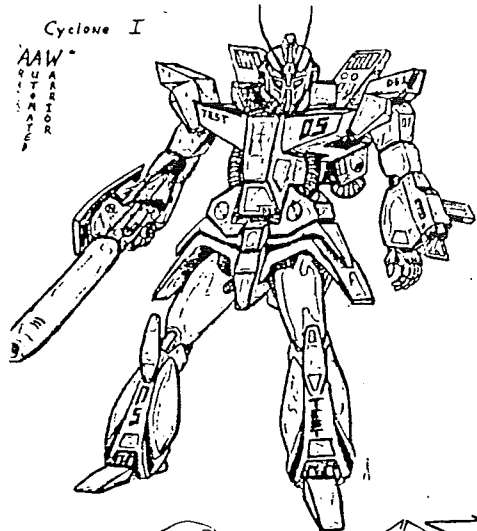
Ima anata o sagashiteru hito ga iru kara  
omae ni aitai yo to

## ANSWERS TO VOLTRON TRIVIA QUIZ

1. Altair (also, the planet's name on Go-Lion).
2. Roemel
3. Princess Allura
4. Cossack
5. Dr. Sawaya
6. 'Go' is Japanese for the word 'five'
7. Garura
8. the yellow and blue lions
9. e. mouse
10. False
11. Akira
12. Dr. Loring
13. Light Speed God Albegas (this was also supposed to be the never-seen Voltron II series, Go-Lion being Voltron I and Dairugger being Voltron III, but when the first two didn't do as well as expected, these plans were cancelled - ed.)
14. He's killed by 3 Drules just before the Drule homeworld explodes.
15. Peter Cullen (the voice of Optimus Prime on The Transformers)
16. the planet Akara
17. B.J. Ward (she did their voices).







## BOOK SERIES REVIEW

"CAN WE TALK SINCERE BIZARRENESSE HERE?"

-A review of L. Ron Hubbard's

"Mission Earth" Dekalogy

-by j.p. reader

Oh my goodness! A book review of a non-Japanime series in Nova! Profanity! Heresy! Blasphemy! Unusual perversity!

Not really.

In a great deal of Japanime (here's looking at you, Capt. Dave), there is a basis in literature. As examples, the Homeric overtones of the Yamato saga (and hello to you, Julie), the E.E. Smith Lensman series, the plethora of manga-inspired films and series. In fact, all of science fiction/fantasy sources cross-pollinate to such an extent that nothing in an SF&F vein that was handled in these pages could be truly devoid of connections to Japanime; or anything else in fandom for that matter. We are indeed an incestuous sub-society.

In this case we are exploring a sub-genre of science fiction, a sub-genre which has inspired much of Japanime. Yep, I'm talkin' Space Opera! The difference between SF&SO, for the uninitiated, is simple. Science fiction is, supposedly, written with, at least potential, scientific feasibility in mind, while space opera is written with all the techno trappings, but with no care as to the feasibility or potential reality. [like..say..the Batman TV series? The one with Bat-this and Bat-that...and of which there were NO good episodes..hi Terry. - ed]

And when you speak of L. Ron Hubbard's "Mission Earth" dekalogy, you are speaking of the pure cure, 100% Government-inspected Grade A Space Opera. the only additives I've been able to find are a healthy dose of a sarier and a heaping helping portion of humor which, when mixed with the satire, is capable of reducing me to a helpless, quivering mass of laughter. It is, however, a pain-tinged laughter as I realize that, as ludicrous as the series' view of

Earth is, it isn't that far from conventional reality.

The series concerns the struggle between two factions in a garden variety Galactic Empire as the Big Boys want Earth nudged in one direction so as to enable the empire's conquest of the planet, while the Secret Police-Type Bully Boys want it nudged in quite a different direction so that the head of the Bully Boys can use certain Earth-produced products in his bid to gain control of the Empire. Trapped in the middle of this multi-levelled tapestry of conspiracy is our hero, sent to do the nudging; his girlfriend, once the most feared torturer the Bully Boys had; and his keeper/supervisor/arch-enemy, an incompetent Bully boy operative who makes the CIA look efficient and intelligent, and that's a hell of a job! It is, to a very great degree, through these characters' eyes that we get a look at Terran civilization and realize once again that, in the words of Robert Heinlein, "man is the animal who laughs at himself". I have carefully avoided giving away too much of the plot, and specifics on what parts of the plot I have outlined, because part of the joy of this series is the constant discovery of new twists and wry observations on the Human Condition in the ever-convoluting plot.

Suffice it to say, nothing is ever as straight forward or simple as it initially appears.

I started reading this series with a great deal of cynicism, for I doubted any author's ability to keep my interest going through three volumes the size of the "Mission Earth" books, much less ten. I must, however, praise Mr. Hubbard loudly and longly and hope that, in whatever region he dwells in since his death, he can hear the adulation of an ex-skeptic. From page one of the first book, I was well & truly hooked. I have been reading SF&F in their various sub-genres for twenty years and I have rarely enjoyed such a damn good read!

In brief, buy them, borrow them (but not from me), steal them, but read them. It's a labor well worth your time and one that will rapidly become a labor of love.

PRE-FAB

One  
in the series of ongoing  
adventures of

LIEUTENANT LIVEWIRE AND  
THE STRAWBERRY SCYTHE

Art & Story - Guy Clayton Brownlee  
Word & Picture Polish (Inx) - Edith DeGolyer

ONE: THE BEST LAID PLAN

A few of the letters had shorted out, and the color had long since faded to the wrong shade of yellow green, but the small lighted sign was still effective at conveying its message.

This was the place.

Why here, he could not imagine, but his fellow operatives would already be set up, waiting.

That was all that was left now, the waiting.

Soon, Livewire would be here, too.

Soon, Livewire would DIE.

The Boar Ditch Tavern. An establishment the name of which was as subtle as its patronage. Nestled somewhere between wrack and ruin, just off the Avenue of Broken Dreams, it hid itself on the forgotten side of OPPENHEIMER, an old front line R N'R ARCOLOGY that itself had seen healthier times. Now, rodents (rats, vermin, not necessarily a character reference) were not uncommon to the tavern, and those that weren't rumpkicked, tailstepped or eaten, proudly went on to become "Mascot of the Night", to be ceremoniously christened "Fluffy" or "Beaufort", and thus t'was proly why hardly anyone had seemed to notice when the woodswing doors fulfilled their purpose and a nubile, femininely framed figure named Cynderella Dunbarr marched in.

Her uniform, as such, was none-the-less well-fitted, in solids black and gray, and her command, prominently displayed on breast and shoulder patch, was Field Trooper, Rogue Class. An over-size nut wrench, polished starsharp, was strapped to one leg like a weapon, while a Wirebox® sheathed in dark leather, was hung rakishly off one curvish hip. Yes, she was indeed well groomed.

She was also the biggest damn cat the crowd had ever seen.

Exactly 5 foot 1 and precisely 120 pounds, Dunbarr was of vaguely calico markings, had two quaint teardrop-shaped ears, two sharp (but soulful) brown orbs, two long sleek tails (one had a braided lock drifting from her tousled head) and a frontal lobe stretching from the top of her lovely snow-on-sand hair, to a small cute nose with straight springy whiskers. -- Close enough to have sprung from some barnyard varmint's cheesewhiz-induced nightmares.

Par usual, reactions to the creature were as varied as the (thankfully) unidentifiable stains on the tavern floor. Some screamed silly and hopped atop chairs, some dreamed leeringly of dinner, and still others were too steeped in theological discussions with formica to notice. Undaunted, Lt. Dunbarr steeled herself against the psychedelic haze and strode up to the main bar.

"Hey, Missy, name your poison," greeted the barkeep.

"Celestial Hemorrhage, if n'ya please, one quart," replied Dunbarr, as nonchalantly as possible.

Immediately all those that yet hadn't, plied all attention upon the creature (i.e., those who still possessed sufficient braincells).

The ferret barkeep grimaced toothily from underneath real jade-tinted spectacles and snorted, "Proper gag, ma'am. but, c'mon--what can y'do me for?"

All too accustomed to this reaction, Dunbarr simply sighed her "place here" routine sigh, and patiently repeated her request, telling the barkish barkeep, "N'ae t'worry--"

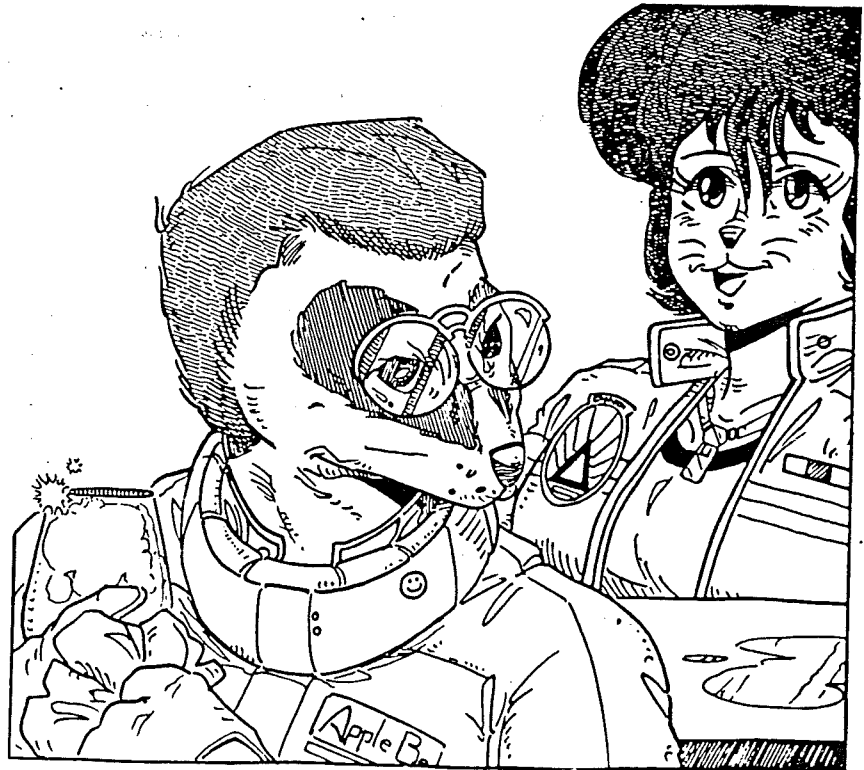
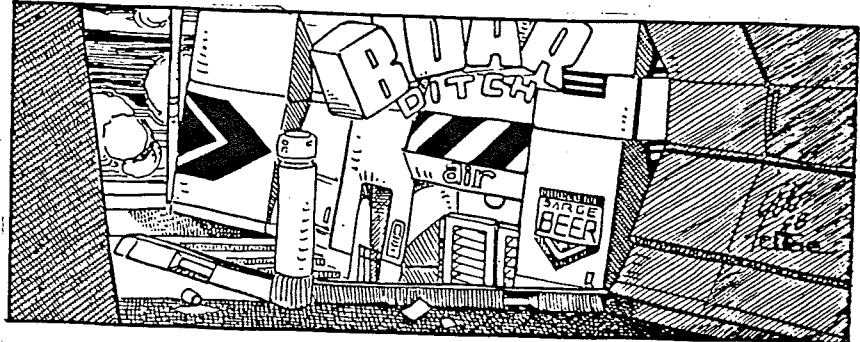
At this, the barkeep's smile mudslided as he realized that the cat apparently was quite sincere, and he shrugged his massive shoulders in wordless whatever-you-say bodyspeak. Disappearing into a small back room, the barkeep re-emerged with two large, silver capsules for use in preparation of the brew. (Considered, as the Surgeon General would have it, "More hazardous to your general health and wellbeing than having your privates caught in a high vacuum gravity duct.")

It's her money, he thought...

It's her friggin' funeral.

Meanwise, Cynderella was dreading it. She hated these inevitable grandstand plays, hated the type of lowtech dives she had to make them in. More than that, she hated the reason for it.

The Reason, (Capital T, Capital R, in big fat red neon mindletters) was simple: Brought into her world prematurely, the Lieutenant suffered from an extremely low repro rate of white corpuscles, a condition which if left unchecked (read: sans celestial



hemorrhage) would result in both the complete breakdown of her immune system and the production of new blood. But the solution, while not illegal, was frowned upon by government sorts, and so was not made readily available.

Suddenly Lt. Dunbarr noticed that a slightly inebriated Altrussian Sloth-extrapolate was becoming intimate with her person. Gads. Its English was impeccable, however, and it gave her a brief but highly detailed historical account of the creation of Celestial Hemorrhage, finally adding, " -- and for a minimal fee, I will release you from the contractual obligation of your purchase by ingesting the brew myself, taking great personal risk -- entirely for your benefit, of course!" by the time Lt. Dunbarr could think to reply, the green lush was snoring loudly and hugging a nearby barstool.

The ferret barkeep presented her with her drink. "Die outside, check? Cadavers make bad business."

"Ah, now, and I'll be sayin' hello to Zeus for ye..." the cat declared, receiving her potion. The hemorrhage was contained in a tall, transparent bellowed glass, and had the faint aroma of a fresh volcano. First Lt. Dunbarr took a sip, then a couple of brief swallows, then proceeded to down the entire quart within seconds. Any anticipating to view the lithe young creature writhing in instant, violent convulsions were, to say the very least, disappointed.

"Forty credits, please," the barkeep said without a blink. He couldn't. He was so shocked his eyelids were temporarily paralyzed.

Sighing smugly, the lieutenant wiped at her matted lip with a flourish and glanced at her pocket watch: the backup at the local munitions depot meant that her Nutrocker MKR went as yet unserved, which meant that no one was going to see out of Oppenheimer any time near, and her "squadron" wasn't due in for leastwise ten more thrill-packed hours (on the however side, she had this sudden urge to take a nice, cold shower, go to bed, and generously microwave her uniform--)

And then it happened.

"I would gladly pick up the tab if the lovely officer would do that again..."

Now, if the crowd was surprised by this request, even caught confused, then none were as much so as poor Cynderella. Upon scanning the room, the creature's gaze met with a nod and a wave from a singular appearing gentleman; a somewhat squat and egregiously rotund Haidbeddor, in full dressuit regalia. "Highrank Mucketty-muck" was written all over him in figurative script. A representative from the outer rim, perhaps? Why not? But why here? Cheap thrills, perhaps? Cheap booze? Cheap tricks?

"Uh--extremely sportin' of ye, sar..." the feline nattered, accepting.

The greenish Haidbeddor simply nodded once more in silent response, then reclined back into his seat, steeping stubby fingers at stubby chin. Soon thereafter, the barkeep introduced the lieutenant to another quart, and the cat swigged it down without a sputter. The crowd still expected the creature to cack up on the spot.



"Probably a slow metabolic rate-- she'll be dead tomorrow," said someone.

"Or at least a mindless vegetable," someone else agreed.

That's it, Cynderella bristled mentally. It's gone time. She'd been slinked into performing parlor tricks...and was enjoying it!. She'd truly have to guard herself, next time. Gads. Hopping off her stool, the leggy furbearing creature flashed a smile, threw a casual salute to the barkeep, then aimed herself at the exit. That was her third mistake.

"That's 80 smooches, dudette!"

80 SMUs!

"Ah...but I waz bein' under the impression that the kind an' gen'rous soul in the carner booth waz takin' care of the gratootities, nae..." pouted the pretty lieutenant.

"He'd almost have t'be a soul, felix-girl--'coz there ain't no one sittin' in that corner booth that I can see!" countered the barkeep, baring his large pearlywhite canine daggers.

Shure enough, the Haidbeddor was gone, slid away, presumably after making his 'generous' offer.

And that wasn't all, not by any long shot.

Anxiety slammed into the feline like a locomotive pulling in at sublight, as she reluctantly reached into her vestjak pocket.

Her money clip was gone.

Missing. Stolen. Gone.

The lieutenant's liquid orbs narrowed suddenly as she grasped what had happened. Whatever hole the Haidbeddor had crawled into, the Altrussian sloth-extrapolate had pulled the lid tight and flushed. Poor Cynderella briefly wondered whether running all hell out would be taken as cowardice, or whether fainting was the more ladylike thing to do.

"Wull, wull, wull... digest bad kibble now, Thomasina?"

Unfortunately, any thoughts of bill dodging were rendered moot, for looming melodramatically between Dunbarr and lorelei freedom was a black hole waiting to happen: a hulking, ebon-plated, umbrella shaped "Bruiser Class" bouncer droid, name of BRUNO. Several blunt shotgun attachments dangled pointedly among its numerous protractibles.

"HOW KITTY GET EARS, EH? SNEEZE WHILE HOLDING BREATH?" sneered the mechanism. (Ever see a cat have a cow?)

"A-ahhh-- --dearest sar, it be indeed fortunate that you have arrived. It seems--seems Ae've been a victom o'some wretched skulduggery--a mark as it were-- and noo find meself penniless and poorly able t'foot me tavern expenses! Why, with th'help of the loikes o'you, we can unite an'track doon these carpet baggers! And --uh--"

"NOT PROGRAMMED TO RESPOND IN AREA."

It giggled. She swore rat's teeth it giggled. Dunbarr cursed tightly within the orbit of her breath and slapped at the sheathed Wirebox® holstered to her side, silently activating it. Life (i.e., health and personal welfare) was getting particularly strange particularly fast, without any particularly good reason, and she needed an edge. A big edge. Three of them, precisely.

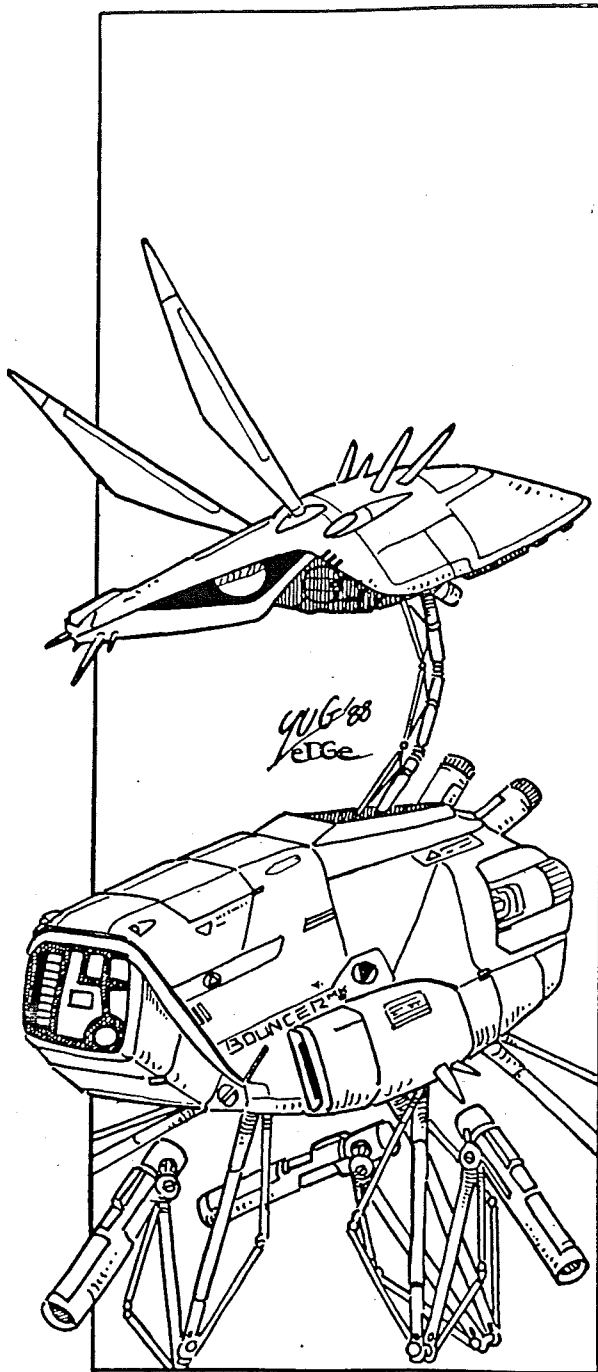
"Look, mate. Ae waz tellin' th'truth there. Me pocket's been lifted, o.k.? Ae canna help if you n'yer owner behind the bar din' believe me. Why don't ye call the local base administrator doon if y'n want t'be reimbursed? Or the constabulary, if'n ya feel that strongly about it--"

"BECAUSE," said BRUNO, "THAT WOULD BE NO FUN!"

Without warning, the bouncer droid, acting as though it had been rear-ended by a doorknob at sublight speeds, berzerked and charged with shotguns erupting, while the barkeep, ever Everyman's pally, lobbed a vicious meat cleaver in the same direction.

This was it.

"Priority redhot, pally mines! Come n' git me!!!" Dunbarr howled.



And suddenly:

The rush of rose-tinted destruction, the gleam of a razor tooth, the stench of fear, of panic mounting...

Time has not seen their like since the dawn of creation. Few things living today can match their immensity and fierceness. They are an anachronism, a deadly anachronism. They are the STRAWBERRY SCYTHE.

Suddenly:

Slow motion soundtracked with a heartbeat, along in a crowded room. A plaster wall shatters into sugary granules...

Collectively, the text books called them dino-saurs; individually, their name was legion. If there

be nothing truly new in the universe, then what better war toys for science to recreate, what better killing machines for the military to put enthusiastically to the test?

Suddenly:

There was "NIHL", the TYREX unit, considered second of the pack, and stiletto wit, all gurgling growls and gnashing teeth, playing the hack and slash by deflecting the nastynasty cleaver with his massive adamantium tail. The projective finally found its target buried deep within the ebony bouncer droid's brain casing, setting off a stray round of buckshot bursting into the tender company of six semi-hibernating, tank-sized Walrueen.

Three prototypes, plated carmine enamel, equipped with the latest, state-of-the-art firepower. Three unique Battledynes®, three unique warriors: programmed each with sentient, self-aware personalities -- independent, distinct, headstrong. They needed-- they demand-- a unique leader. What they got was Lieutenant Cynderella Dunbarr, codename: LIVEWIRE.

Sweeping her arms around the TYREX unit's trunklike neck, the lieutenant swung atop the battle-dyne's back, cringing, and held tight.

"Women. Ya clean'em up, ya dress'em up--and ya STILL can't take'em anywhere!" the TYREX rattled.

"Keep it up, boyo. Din'ferget who has th'box an' th' wrench!"

"Oh, I'm scared..."

Unheeded (and proly forgotten), Lt. "Livewire" and her rose-red dynamo quickly and quietly ducked out.

#### EPILOGUE: The Big Cheese

The nervous young administrative aide quickly clipped down the antiseptic halls of handcut floorstones and redwood paneling, his footsteps echoing like clockwork, his mind askew.

This was it; he was done for.

Sheepish in appearance, everything about him screamed 'nebbish', from his receding furline and much too-big glasses, to his plaid pullover and clumsy bow tie.

He had personally selected everyone. He had made all the arrangements...

High, high above the surface of the thick green alpine valley, some ten thousand feet, this timid soul found himself before two massive cathedralline doors, clutching a dossier to his jackhammer heart, sweating cocker spaniels.

He knocked.

"Enter," called the voice within.

Gulping fitfully, he pushed a door open, absently crossing himself.

Heads would roll, most definitely yes.

Meanwhile, Baron Mikhail Hirnendaas von Starkright, magistrate head of the planet's commercial governing body, the Lupine Commonwealth Workshare, stirred restlessly in his black leather swivel throne, his blodshot eyes riveted to each shifting image on each desktop monitor.

"What is it, Mr. Bland?"

The engineer gulped down hard on a whimper.

"I-er- h-have some unh-h-appy n-news to report, m-my m-mah-magistrate-- b-bad tidings, indeed... .."

The Baron sighed. "Yes?"

Struck speechless, the aide merely handed von Starkright the dossier, trying desperately not to send paper flying. The Baron glanced at the report, and suddenly frowned a fright. It was serious enough...

After ol'BRUNO slammed headlong into the bar, snapping the barkeep's right leg with a scathewrenching crack, the four remaining Walrueen, small brained, quick-tempered, infested with skin, drew pistols and proceeded to install new ven-

tilation all around, free of charge.

That's when the fire started.

From a spark from the 'dying' bouncer droid, or a story ammo round, the entire liquor shelf ignited all-holy and the rear of the establishment burst into flames, wildspreading. Once the specially stored capsules of Celestial Hemorrhage were exposed to the searing heat, the tavern went supernova, baptizing the formerly deathdark backstreet maze with phoenix light. The barkeep, the Altrussian, the Haidbeddor Ambassadorial Rep with a fat debt, and a none-too-cheap bouncer droid, all topnotch operatives -- gone.

But not the feline. Never her.

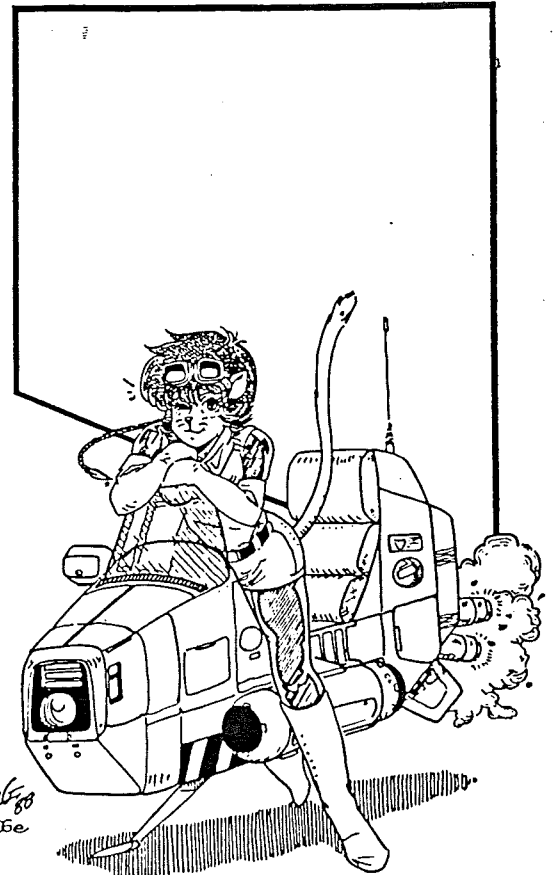
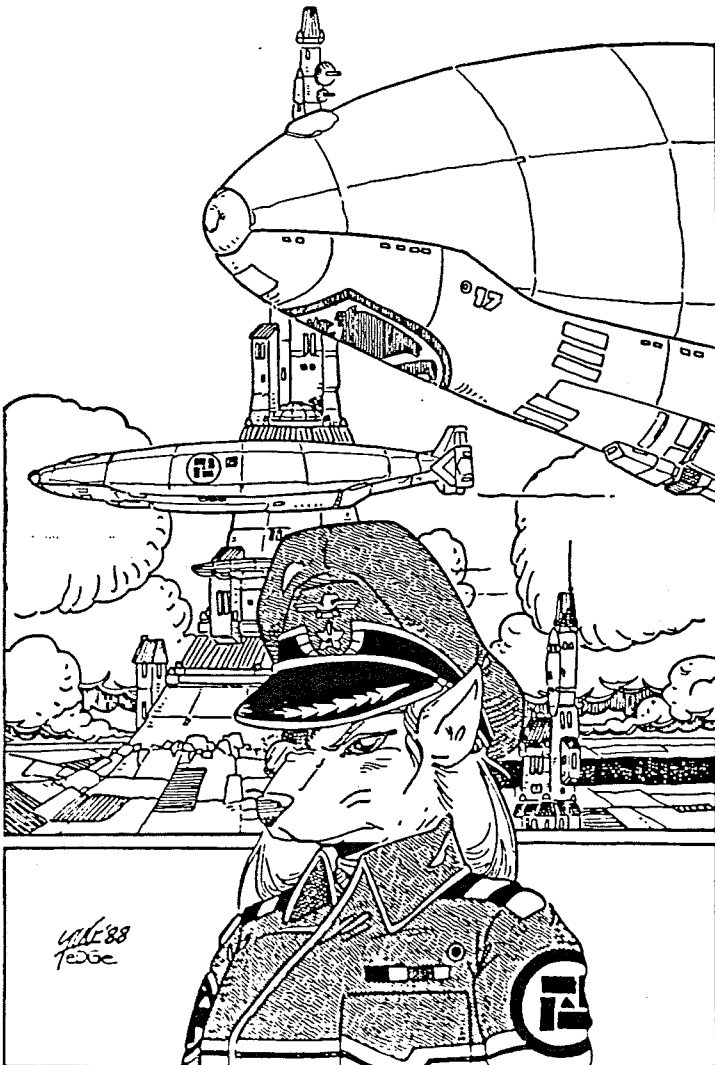
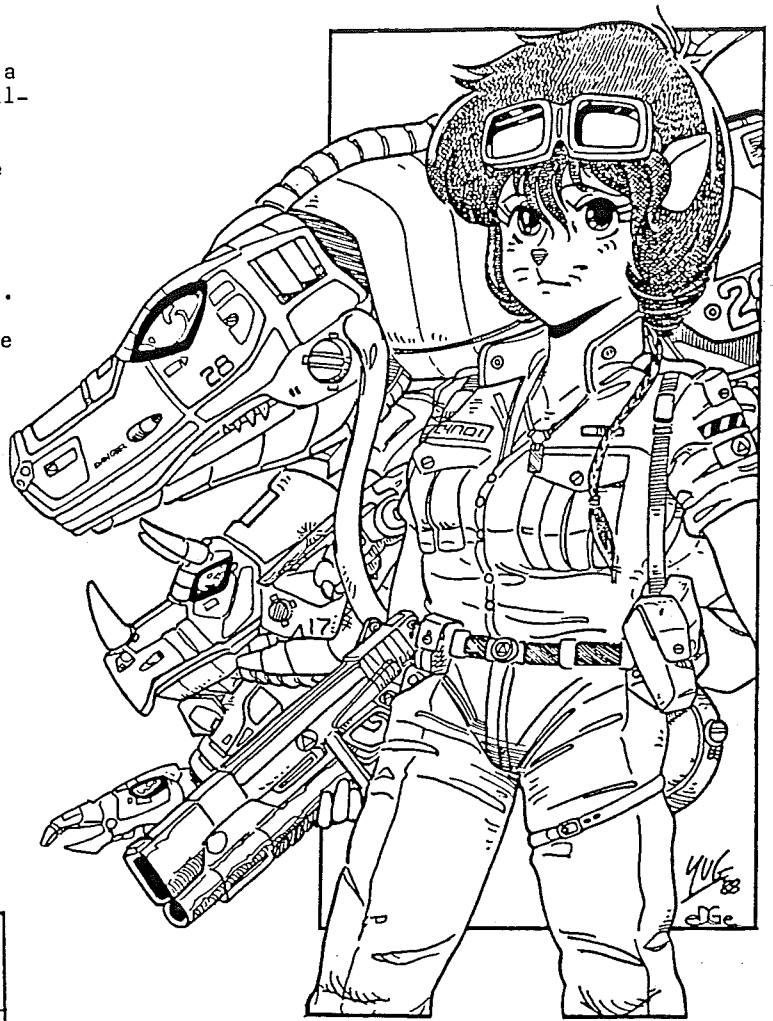
"It seems I have underestimated Ms. Dunbarr. She is rogue-class. Which means she is given carte blanche in all her endeavors. Which makes her unpredictable." Staring into some nonexistent distance, the Baron Magistrate mulled over unspeakable scenarios, a garden-hose-on-scrambled-eggs grin crooking his lips.

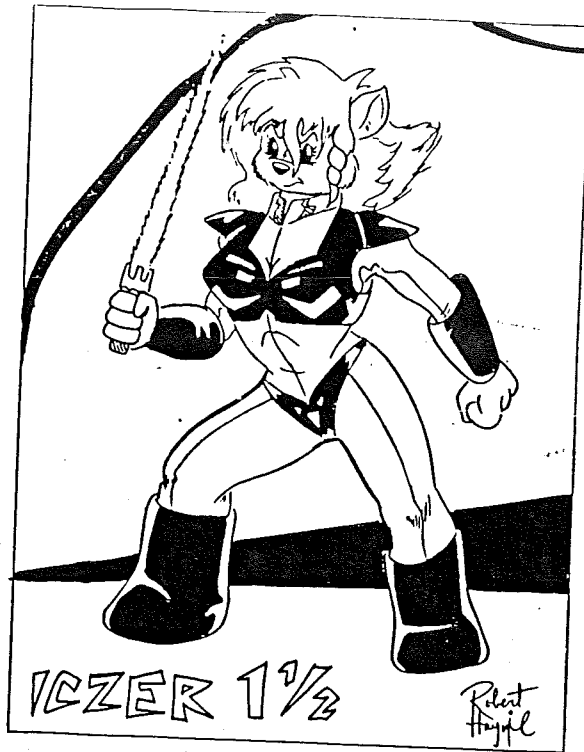
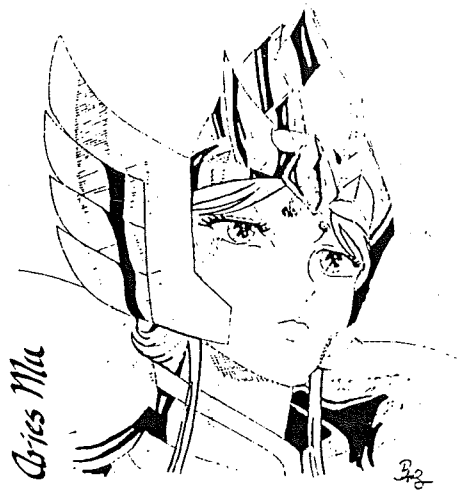
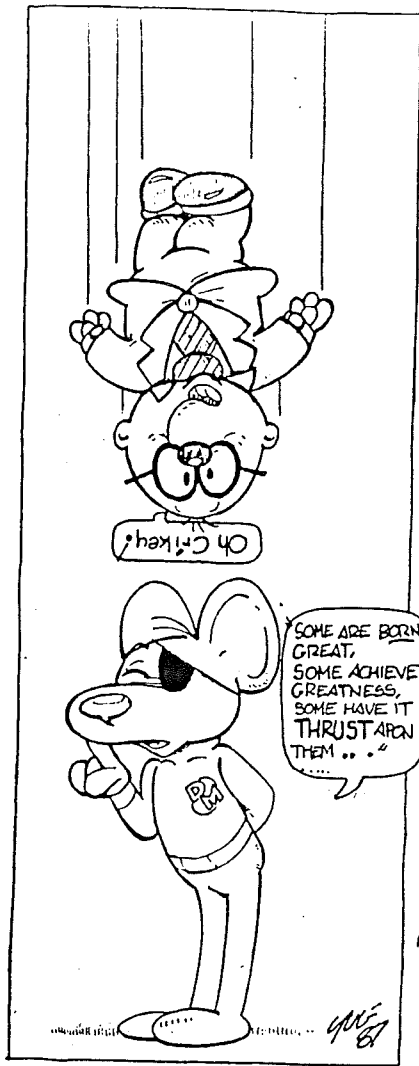
"Let us fetch Chi Shangra on her..."

"Yessir! Right away, Sir!" Visibly brightening, the meek aide salaamed enthusiastically before exiting the chamber. He would live to see another glory day of endless paperwork, plus a hearty dose of casual abuse.

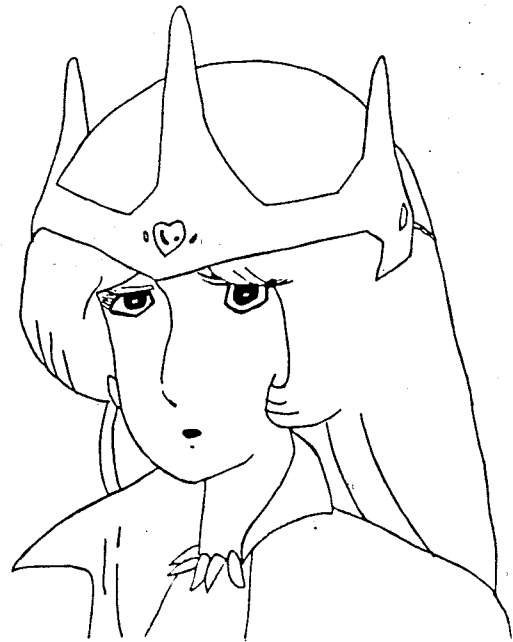
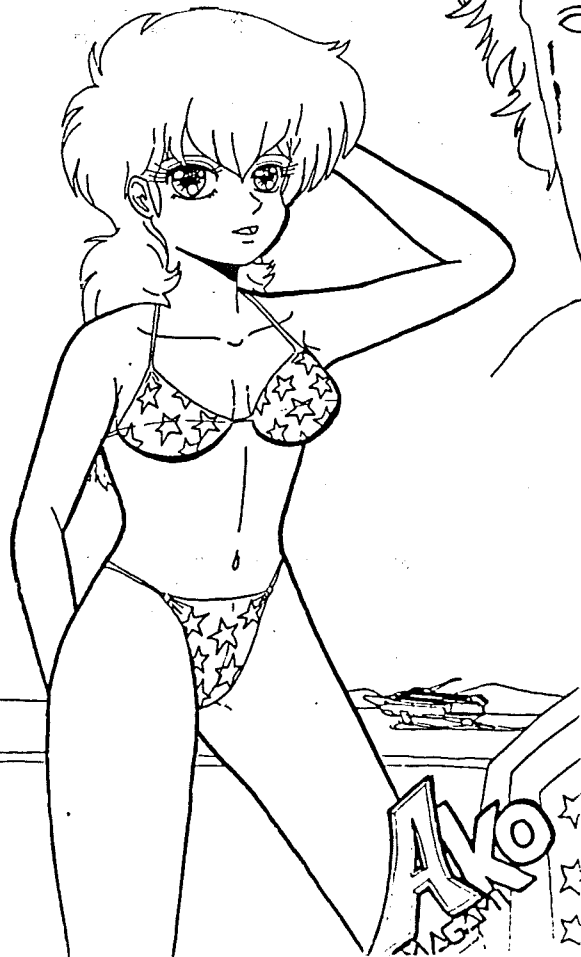
With one deliberate, fluid motion, von Starkright sank back into his throne, keeping umbilical tabs on his beloved 'newtoy'. Sighing moodily, he wondered briefly what the weather was, outside...

....TO BE CONTINUED





ロイ・フォッカー ROY FOKKER



## LETTERS (cont'd from pg. 3)

Here are a couple of last minute entries for the Letters column (mostly because I was too lazy to reformat the whole rest of the 'zine -ed).

Excerpts taken from original letters, as letters are over 8 pgs. long.

Comments on Nova 9 & 10:

Dear Nova Staff:

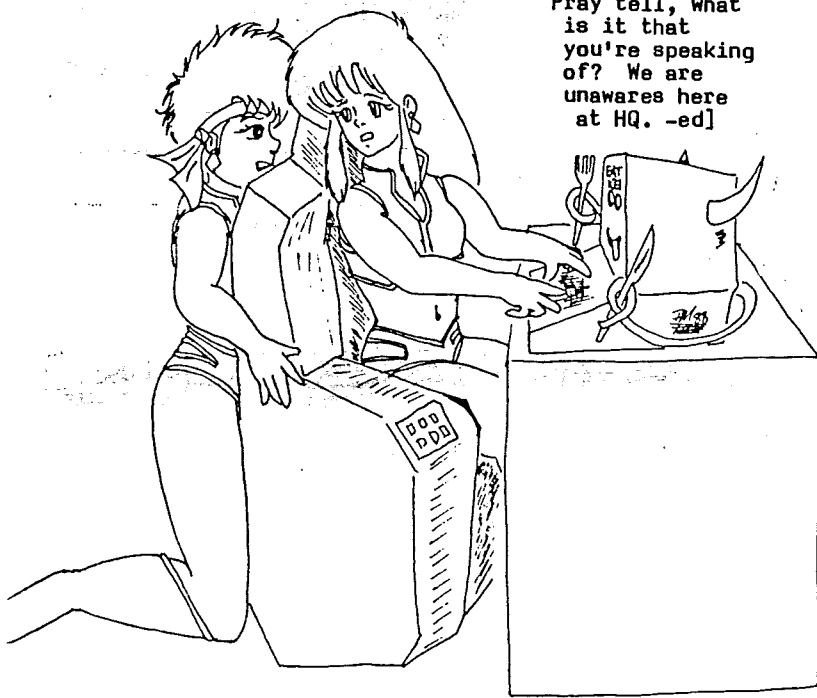
You don't know how sorry I am that this is coming late; and will probably get to you after 'the holy day' (Monty Python lives!) on top of everything else! Mostly I apologize to Kelli for not being able to give her a reply to that offer [she was asked if she'd like to do a Star Blazer Comic review] - which is in the affirmative; and I hate the fact that the review isn't coming along with this letter.... However, I am gonna try for next issue, I swear.

...My overall opinion is that - weren't we gettin' a little weird and kinky here? I mean, kinda slipped overboard in both areas? But I'm not saying it wasn't good.

The cover: Just who is this personage? It's great as usual - but what else can you expect from a guy who does his own nationally-released comic? [referencing Ben Dunn's composite Japanese character he did for us for Nova 10's cover -ed] Glad you DID go ahead & make the Nova logo permanent.

I am happy to announce that I was wrong about the size of the type & the columnar typestyle - it DOES work. I vote to keep it! [VOTE?! Did we hear that magic word 'VOTE'? Be damned, we did! Another real honest-to-Ghod vote! Might start a trend, eh? -ed]

Letters: Well, sounds like you needed a space-filler, and BOY did I give you one! I sorta spilled my guts (get it, Logan?) to the general populace of fandom out there in one shot thanks to you - I mean that. Gave me me a bit of free advertising in an off-handed manner; ya knows I don't mind, that's one of the thing NOVA is for - bringing fans together and better known to each other 'taint it?... oops, looks like Sean's letter got unintentionally trimmed! You can guess us Californians are of the opinion on certain matters. [Trimmed? Pray tell, what is it that you're speaking of? We are unawares here at HQ. -ed]



"I THINK CARSON'S BEEN MESSING WITH THE COMPUTER AGAIN."

Guest Editorial: Whoa, man! That's awfully heavy to throw at a person right off, here. Someone called my article 'too cerebral' -well, this was almost too cerebral for this kid, that's for sure! But hey, I like articles, etc. where I have to think and not just veg-out as I read something and, thankfully, Nova's never been like that. The mind + spirit + imagination is a terrible thing to waste; or arrigato. But I did get a headache. [Some of here think the mind is a terrible thing to waste--so use it sparingly. - ed]

QM Synopsis: (Queen Millennia): Great, loved it, keep it up! Once again your synopsis helped me to gain insight into details. I think this is the best way yet for the setup of the things (character profiles, sketches) to supplement the synopsis itself, which was excellent....

To comment on Derek's timeline article as well as the little addendum on the synopsis would take too long in detail to explain my opinions (but, if anybody's interested...) so I'll just offer in a nutshell a rebuttal to the 'fact' (Truth? Reality?) that Yayoi is Maeter's mother: I find this a tad hard to swallow in the movie reality; and without knowing the outcome of Millennia's approach on Earth due to a non-sequel TV series, it's hard for me to say yes to the possibility of Galaxy Express' LaMetal's existence. It's perfectly acceptable to me and probable that the LaMetal of the movie QM and GE are the same, but seeing that 'Promecia' is a title rather than a name; Maeter's mother could be (and indeed would have to be, with Yayoi's death) another person altogether.

Space Combat Op Manual: Gee, I wonder who the "Old Space Dog" is? First laugh of the zine with that one! Words to command by. Yep. I need more stuff like that.

Jet Jaguar! Alright, the saga (?) continues. (But what about that Godzilla guy-no relation statement?) I think I'll look more into this Gear Image/Gear Productions thing of his.

Foretodings: What's this? ANOTHER one? Yowzer! I luvit! I want to tell Pat the same thing I told Ken. And I can't wait for the next chapter. Pat's developed an unusual heroine for the story (one who rather noticeably physically resembles mine in a story I'm doing, by the way); setting it in a hitherto untouched portion of the saga....

I can't tell you how it thrills me to have fans expanding on existing elements (ala Between Galaxies, The Other Side of the Story) as well as creating original elements that fit in so well like Pat & Ken are doing. I know I'll have alot more to say about 'Foretodings' as I get more into it.

The Untold Story: Well, well. Larry's turning into one star-class yaro, 'taint he? I mean, sure; any ninja tsu master can beat the sushi outta someone who's not - but where's the honor in that? I'm wondering just how well he would've fared against Wildstar in the 'man-to-man, knock-down-drag-out' fistfight Wildstar was expecting? I kinda riled at how easily Wildstar got beat up the first time I read it; but later came to my above conclusion - though at first I thought: What's this? Is this the man who held his own against Knox? (not to forget Venture)? Gee, I guess once you hit 21 it's downhill 'rom there - boy, I'm in trouble soon! [Julie, take it from those who know - it IS all downhill after you hit 21! -ed]....Oh yeah, did I mention that Larry should accidentally trip into an open airlock just for doing whatever damage he did to Wildstar?...I love the idea that I definitely see he's doing now with the illos - giving us a visual one-shot "and in our next Star Blazers adventure" That's a neat idea; I never thought of it...[Uh..neither did he..it was an accident on my part that I got the artwork mixed up - the fact that it works well is a credit to the artist/author and just goes to show how well the illos go with the story. - ed]....

Transaction: Veeery interesting..More log entries, please.



Already noted Derek's great timeline article so--  
 The Centerfold: All I'm gonna say is Where Are  
The GUYS, huh? HUH? Let's get some equal time out  
 there for all those space-hunks! (and I'm not just  
 talkin' Yamato). What about it--are we gonna see some  
 beefcake instead of cheesecake for a change? [We're  
 trying, we're trying! We can't prints what we don't  
 gets! We're an equal-gender publisher! Send us some!  
 Anybody! We found one, it may even be in this issue!  
 I know there are a couple in the works, but nothing  
 finished to date. HELP all those frustrated females  
 out there! Show us the beef! -ed]

re: Nova 11 & 12 (and a little on 10)

...For Nova 12 I would like included, if nothing  
 else, a rebuttal to my own commentary. I didn't mind  
 at all the surprise of getting 'Beloved Stranger' in;  
 since personally it's the one I consider to be my  
 worst. I was even more surprised about all the posi-  
 tive feedback I got on it. Thanks, that gives me a  
 lift!.....

The mention in the excellent Sasha's Soliloquoy  
 of me being a "devout Yamato/Star Blazers fan" was  
 great, perfect. I couldn't have found a better word  
 than 'devout'. Yep, that's me.

And now that rebuttal: Like I said, I was  
 thrilled about the poem (Beloved Stranger) getting  
 in; but not the Author's Explanation. Why? Because  
 it is terribly dated, and frankly, I don't believe  
 that anymore since I've seen the little conversation  
 at the start of New Journey - or I should say read  
 the translation; even though it can be taken in a  
 variety of ways, one of which is the proposal offered  
 awhile back in the short story "The Other Side of the  
 Story" that Wildstar & Nova are living together at  
 least during the time of Be Forever. No, I don't  
 accept that. And, as James Staley pointed out,  
 there's THAT scene in Final that offers no doubt as  
 to Nova's virginity. So, James, I now (and have for  
 awhile) totally agree with everything you said; and  
 really always have - 'cept for a couple things I  
 wasn't seeing as deeply as I should have and do now,  
 concerning that maturity & intimacy. Concerning  
 Arrivederci, despite things that happen there, I  
 believe she died a virgin. Here, and elsewhere, wha-  
 tever intimacy they share is more of an indication, a

promise, of what they could/will ultimately share in  
 the freedom of marriage, rather than whatever they're  
 taking now.

As for the EDC not allowing them to be married, I  
 don't know what I was thinking! Now I have only  
 Nishizaki to blame for this; and no one within the  
 Yamato reality.

I could try to defend my former position; but  
 it's dead-let it R.I.P.

The Author's Explanation for Steel Dreams was  
 alot better and not out-dated (nor embarrassing);  
 neither are those for my other two [poems] as far as  
 I can remember.

I'd love to comment in Detail as usual on Nova  
 11; but I gotta get this out - so suffice it to say  
 that I loved it all. You're just getting better and  
 better! -though I did miss a few things like the Be  
 Forever Roman Album translations, and the Yamato song  
 translations.

I just have a couple messages for people:  
 "Captain Dave" Merrill: Sorry I blew your cover,  
 dude! There's nothing wrong with plagiarism, just as  
 long as you plagiarize good! [PVC: Steal from the  
 best, fuck the rest.]

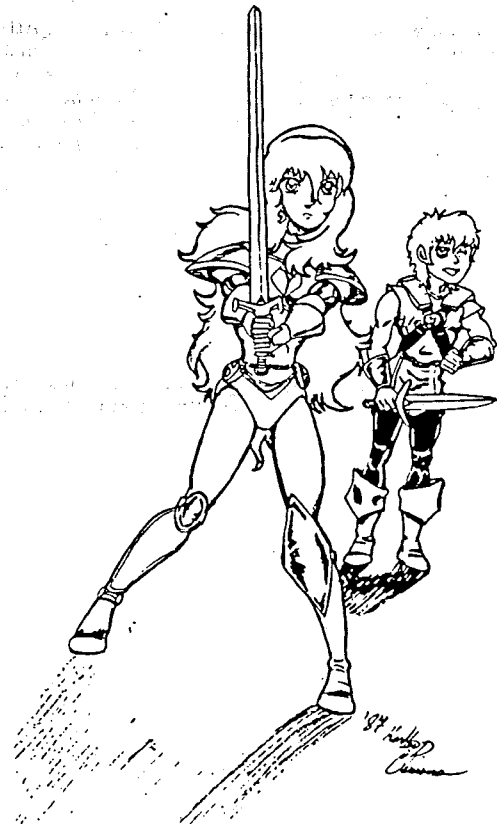
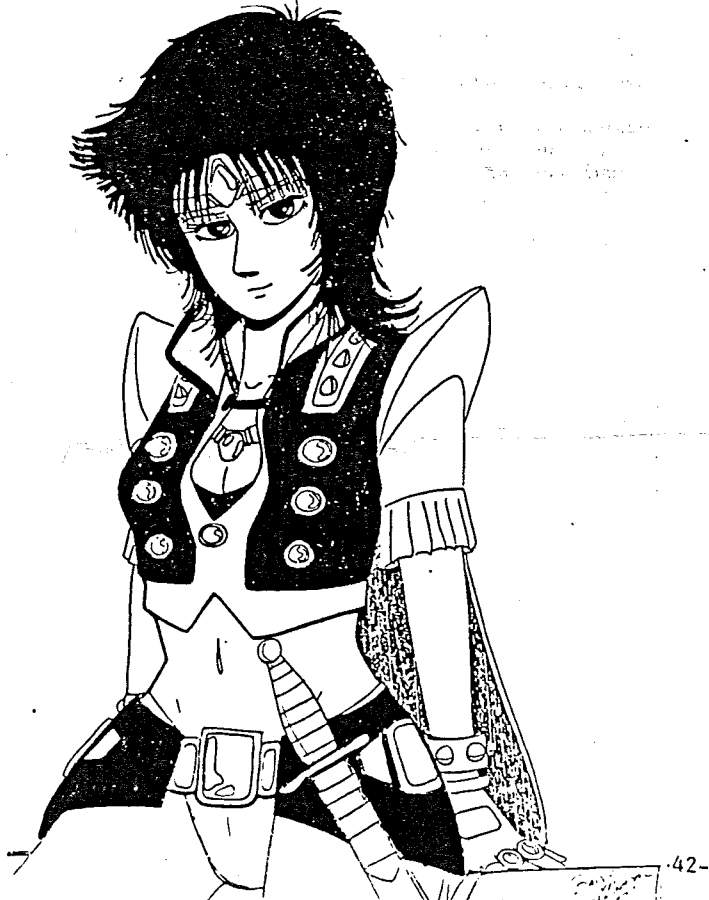
Kenneth Mayes: No, I didn't say one thing about  
 Venture this time 'cuz there wasn't a thing - and I'm  
 glad he threw Larry in the brig (should've kicked his  
 butt-literally-for good measure).

And I also want this publically known - Anybody  
 who doesn't like Nova 11's cover, which Logan is  
 afraid of, will have to answer to me. As the first  
 being to have the pleasure of hearing of the  
 StarForce/Black Tiger Frontal Lobotomy Boogie Band, I  
 was also a very enthusiastic supporter of springing  
 it in some form on unsuspecting fans! So all I have  
 to say is: Rock-and-Roll Forever! The SFBTFLBB  
 Rules!

Looking forward to Nova 12!

Sayonara (Capt. Julie Sharp, Space Battleship  
 Missouri)

\*\* Good grief, is this a letter or what? It's  
 longer than most of the articles in the zine!  
 Forgive us for picking the most important comments  
 for print, but the space necessary for verbatim  
 printing was just too immense. Sorry about that and  
 hope you all understand. \*\*



A DEFENSE OF MEGAZONE 23 Pt. II  
-by Dave Merrill

Lately in both Nova and the Anime Hasshin newsletter, THE ROSE, I've noticed a disturbing trend: putting down Megazone 23 Part II.

Well, this irritates me, mainly because Part Two makes Part One look like A FETID SKUNK LYING IN A PILE OF RANCID DOGMEAT!!!

This is true. Part One's character designs are trite. The animation is standard at best. The action is static. In short, it is LAME. I personally am sick to death of Mikimoto's character designs--I had more than enough with Macross and Orguss. His women are all dippy, big-eyed, poochy-lipped types, and his guys all look the same, and the big haircuts are OLD. This is not 1975.

Now Part Two: In a word--Innovative. New. Exciting. In short, it kicks ass. The chara designs are startling and realistic--what's the matter?

Can't take anything without big eyes? Much more and much better choreographed action, humour, sex and violence, and punk rock. What more can you ask? The animation is smooth and flowing, and some of the scenes are classics that will stand forever (the tire in the face, the dropped sunglasses, the FINGER!!!) and the storyline is much easier to follow this time.

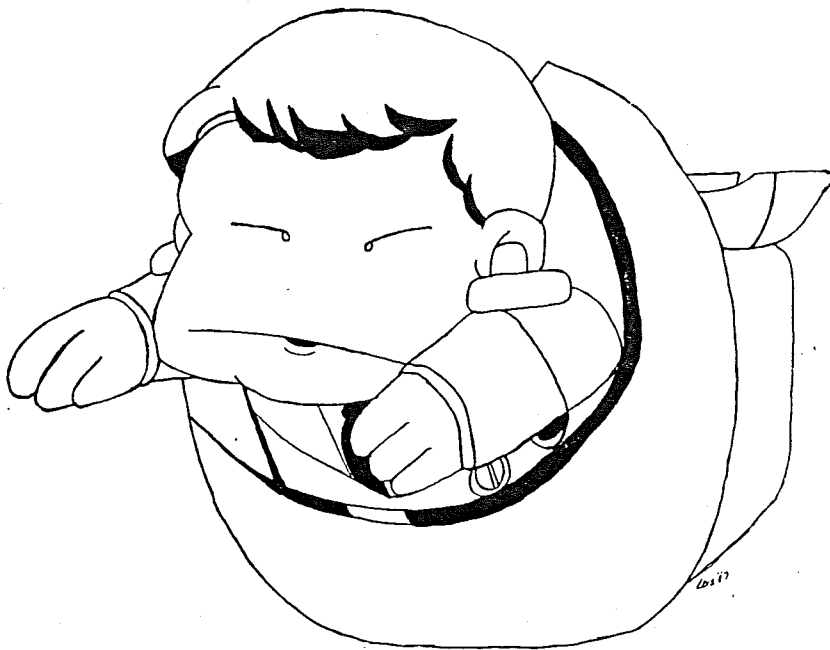
This is animation I have shown to people who are definitely not anime fans, and it makes them sit up and say, "oh my God!"

I think I got a yawn out of Part One.

And another thing-- anyone who wonders why Eve chose biker punks to carry on the human race-- punks are fighters. They've rejected false society, lousy top 40 music, fake fashion and fascistic militarism--they stand on their own.

In short, punks are survivors.

In fact, that's about the only problem I have with it-- why punks would be listening to Eve in the first place. Eve isn't exactly Sid Vicious or the Dead Kennedys.



REVIEW

AREA 88 MANGA TRANSLATIONS  
REVIEW OF THE ECLIPSE COMIC

-by Shin Kazama  
as told to James Staley

"Konichi-wa, Minasan! My name is Shin Kazama, & I have been asked to give a review of the new Area 88 manga adaptation by Eclipse Comics, which just happens to star me, Shin Kazama; Nice guy and Number One Fighter Pilot/Ace of Area 88!

Area 88 is an airbase in the African country of Asran, where rebel forces are trying to take over the country. I was forced to come here, after my 'friend' Kanzaki got me drunk one night & had me sign a contract volunteering me to be a mercenary pilot for the Asran government for three years. Three long, lonely, bitter years!

This manga is the story of how I must struggle to stay alive, so that I may return to Japan to marry my fiancée, Ryoko; and to get revenge on that treacherous Kanzaki!

As an attempt to translate manga & bring it to

America, I think Eclipse has succeeded very well. The comic has the look, the feel of the original Japanese comic book. The characters have the large, over-sized eyes typical of Japanese anime. I just wish they wouldn't keep drawing my hair down in front of my face, as it makes it rather difficult to see!

Eighty-eight has action, adventure, romance, struggle, deceit, & of course, airplanes. Being a fighter pilot, I get to fly lots of neat airplanes. My favorite is the F-8E Crusader, the only airplane in the world what can fly with its wings folded! Unfortunately, my plane was shot down and I had to spend my hard-earned bonus money (which I was saving to buy my way out of here) to get a new plane. I wonder what the artist will draw for me next? I really like they airplanes they've been drawing; they look so real and accurate down to the smallest detail. If you are going to draw a story about airplanes, they had better look right!

Well, that is my report on Area 88. In addition to my own story, Eclipse is also doing Mai the Psychic Girl, and the story of a ninja named Kamui. So if fast-flying fighters are beyond your speed (slow-poke!), you might want to check out these two."

# ART CREDITS

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2 Triblet "Save Yamato.." - Merica Floyd  
 3 Yamato Meets Bloom County - Guy Brownlee  
 4 Nina (Bubblegum Crisis) - Tim Collier  
 5 Desslar/Beyond Starblazers - Bud Cox  
 7 Story characters - Pat Munson-Siter  
 8 Shiotsugu - Tim Collier  
 9 Rickney - Tim Collier  
 11 Cygnus/Hyogo (Saint Seiya) - Tim Collier  
 11 Iczer-1 - Logan Darklighter  
 13 "Sigourney Who?" - Tim Collier  
 13 Theatre scene - Roy Bruce  
 13 Triblet comic strip - Tasha Seren  
 14 Phoenix - Roy Bruce  
 15 Yamato Bridge - Kenneth Mayes  
 17 Wildstar, Nova, Venture - Kenneth Mayes  
 Centerfold - Lancer - Guy Brownlee & Logan Darklighter  
 19 "Wounded" - Carl Davison  
 20 IczerRobo & Iczer-1 in hand - Tim Collier  
 20 Nina (Bubblegum Crisis) in armor - Tim Collier  
 22 Prince Planet - David Merrill  
 24 Bear Lazer Zillion - Robert Haynie  
 25 Triblet Monday - Merica Floyd  
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 26 Mimi the Cat - Gene Chin  
 27 SPT Layzner - Carl Davison  
 27 "Picking Out the Right Outfit for 'Samurai's  
 Wedding'" - Karlton Clemons

28 Nausicaä in the Valley of the Bears - Robert Haynie  
 29 Computer Art -Macross - Warren Yamashita  
 30 The Count/'D' (Vampire Hunter D) - Tim Collier  
 30 Bionic Six characters - Carlton Clemons  
 31 The New Dirty Pair - Tim Collier & Lynn Hayes  
 32 Macross - Tom Brevoort  
 33 Elf-17 - Tim Collier  
 33 Lum - Darrin Towers  
 34 Priss (Bubblegum Crisis) & Deckard (Blade Runner)  
 "Priss' Nightmare" - Tim Collier  
 35 upper left - "M-A"(Black Magic M-66) - Tim Collier  
 35 upper right - "Cyclone I" - Carl Davison  
 35 lower left - Minmay/Eve - James Staley & Tim Ross  
 36 lower right - "Buhma" (Bubblegum Crisis) - Tim Collier  
 40 Danger Mouse - Guy Brownlee  
 40 Aries Mu (Saint Seiya) - Pat Munson-Siter  
 40 "Iczer 1 1/2" - Robert Haynie  
 40 A-Ko Magami in bikini - Lee Madison  
 40 Kenshiro (Hokuto No Ken) - Vanessa Okita  
 40 Roy Fokker - Tom Brevoort  
 40 Lupin & Jigen (Lupin III) - Tom Brevoort  
 40 Oliva/Queen of 1,000 Years - Gene Chin  
 41 Dirty Pair - Lynn Hayes  
 42 Baiya (M.D. Geist) - Lee Madison  
 42 Shanda & Wink (Dream Hunter Rem) - Karlton Clemons  
 43 Patilliro (Patilliro!) - Vanessa Okita  
 43 Cyborg 009 (Cyborg 009) - David Merrill

Back Cover - "Psychadelic Nova" - Guy Brownlee & Edith DeGolyer

OH NO! IT'S.....

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THAT'S RIGHT: NOVA the 13<sup>th</sup> (The 'Zine That Will Not Die!)

Will you see the crew of the Yamato wielding chainsaws & chasing Gamilons?  
 Will you see Lisa Hayes threatened by a possessed Capt. Gloval?  
 Will vampires threaten Iczer-1?  
 In short, will there be terror?

Will members of G.I. Joe time-trip and fight against the Comet Empire alongside the StarForce?  
 Will all your favorite anime girls buy motorcycles and become the Big Bad Bitches on Bikes?  
 Will you see the ultimate meaning of life revealed in the latest Japanime release?  
 In short, will there be silliness?

For the answers to these, and other burning questions of the day,  
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 the fanzine that gives you more of what a fanzine is for;

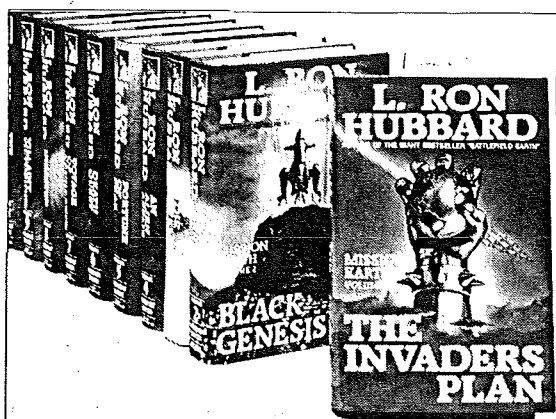
'cause there's a little bit of the demented freakazoid in all of us;  
 'cause you're burning to see the next installment of the Elegants;

the 'zine that gives you the uncensored truth (or an incredible simulation thereof)  
 The deadline for Nova the 13<sup>th</sup> is AUGUST 15, 1988  
 That's more than enough time. You can do it, we know you can.

Give us your submissions, your subscriptions, your huddled contributions, yearning to see print.  
 Remember, we don't care anymore, and we're working on getting thermonuclear weapons.

THE DEADLINE FOR NOVA THE 13<sup>th</sup> IS AUGUST 15, 1988!  
 (must we repeat ourselves? -ed)

Personal note: way to go, big, bad Jimmy S.! You know who you are. You're beautiful!



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